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COMMONWEAL

LATIN AMERICA — Three Reports —

TERROR IN PERU

CHOLERA IN PERU

CHANGE IN MEXICO

Kenneth P. Jameson
Tom Vogel, Jr.
George W. Grayson

THE NEWS MEDIA & ABORTION
Jeb Byrne

JESUIT COLLEGES WITHOUT JESUITS?
Thomas F. Troy

THE COMMITMENTS

SCREEN: Richard Alleva

The proliferation problem
J. BRYAN HEHIR

Alone with our rights
JOHN GARVEY

THE THOMAS HEARINGS
Round One: Paul Sracic
Round Two: The Editors

BOOKS:
GARRETT GREEN on Karl Barth
PAUL E. BUDDE on Mathematics as art
JOHN C. CORT on Pedro Casaldaliga

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CORRESPONDENCE

Endorsing thuggery

Lompoc, Calif.

To the Editors: I am Catholic. I am pro-choice. And I am deeply distressed by the "Bloody Kansas" editorial in the September 27 issue—ironically, the same issue where my piece on Frank O'Malley appeared. I've loved *Commonweal* since I was in high school. How could you *do* this—come out in support—oh so judicious support, yes, but still support—of Operation Rescue's behavior in Wichita, which is *not* moral witness, *not* civil disobedience, but thuggery, pure and simple?

Civil disobedience is: You state your position, you allow yourself to be busted, and you let The Man carry you away. (I've done that.) Civil disobedience is *not* where you and a gaggle of your fellow self-righteous, we're-doing-the-Lord's-work yutzes holler at and intimidate poor and frightened young women going into a clinic, maybe—*maybe*—just to see if they *are* pregnant. It's NOT violating the self-respect of women, who are as much the living vessels of Christ as John Paul II—and, for my money, considerably more so than that truly awful man Randall Terry.

Your editorial refers to "abortion advocates." I don't know any "abortion advocates" (like, what? "Be the first on your block to get one.") I know a number of sensitive and caring people—including a lot of Catholics—who believe, as I do, that the Thing in the Womb is certainly a living something, but not a human being, and that the mother—and the father, too—has the right to dispose of it if it would make their lives miserable, and if they both agree upon that. It *is* killing, but it is not murder, because what is killed is not a human being. Or have we changed the rules, and should we now insist upon baptism *in utero*?

Of course reasonable people may disagree about the morality of the thing. But "reasonable people" must be really reasonable. I know, from the core of whatever it is that makes me *me*, that I would be terrified to tell any other person how to negotiate his/her life, his/her particular manifestation of God. And man, do I worry about those who would not be thus terrified.

But Operation Rescue isn't scared of that awful responsibility. They have terrorized women with all the manic glee of the Elect. For Christ's sake (and I mean that), lives are at stake here: not petri-dish now-you-see-it-now-you-don't collisions of sperm and ova, but real women, women being told, effectively, that their *selves* are only theirs on lend-lease from the patriarchy. If you want to continue the debate—and of course you must—*please* do not coarsen it by sanctioning the advocates of force and intimidation, whose present name, in America, is Operation Rescue.

Nice name. Who "rescues" the scared fourteen-year-old who gets knocked up and can't turn to Daddy or the church or her boyfriend for anything but more grief? Not, by God, Randall Terry. Have *you* been there?

FRANK McCONNELL

The editors reply:

Once upon a time a Thing in a Womb emerged, became Frank McConnell, and began addressing the world, sometimes in *italics* and/or CAPITAL LETTERS, and often—but not always—persuasively. In this case we are not persuaded.

"Bloody Kansas" (*q.v.*) endorsed peaceful protest and said that the cause pursued by Operation Rescue is "estimable." It also said that Operation Rescue loses moral authority and hurts its own cause by the use of physical coercion or harassment. On the abortion question itself, the editorial said the issue is "not as simple as Operation Rescue would have us think." It also referred to "the highly personal nature of pregnancy" and "the ambiguous legal status of the fetus"; language less lively than Frank McConnell's, but also less apodictic, and more "really reasonable."

In answer to his final question: None of us has ever been an unwillingly pregnant and frightened fourteen-year-old girl. Each of us, like Mr. McConnell, was once a Thing in a Womb.

Agnostic? Not I!

Fresno, Calif.

To the Editors: I've been called many things, but David R. Carlin, Jr. went too far when he labeled me a "moral agnostic" ["The New/Old Abortion Battle," September 13]. Moral agnostic indeed! Just because my particular reading of the morality mandated by Jesus Christ doesn't square with his doesn't mean I'm any less certain than he about what God requires. Perhaps Mr. Carlin needs to be reminded that save for those few who have been granted visions, we won't really know whether we've made or missed the mark until that day when, as we affirm in the Nicene Creed, "he will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead."

The abortion debate hinges on the meaning of the word "life" and our responsibility to preserve it. For the prolifer, life begins when ovum and sperm join. Thus all abortion is a sin. In my moral framework, life begins at the time it can be sustained outside the womb. Thus abortion in the first trimester, for reasons of rape, incest, maternal health, or proven gross deformity, should be an available option, albeit spar-

(Continued on page 623)

Commonweal, is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional offices. Copyright © 1991 Commonweal Foundation. Single Copy, $2. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $36; Canada, $39; foreign, $41. Special two-year rate: U.S., $62; Canada, $66; foreign, $72. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank.

Illustrations: Cover, Emil Antonucci; cover photo, Beacon Communications, p. 600, Baloo, Rathco; p. 601, Schwadron, Rothco; p. 604, Paul Valerry; p. 605, Punch, Rothco; p. 613, Liederman, Rothco; p. 615, David Appleby; p. 617, Jeff Sedlik.

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COMMONWEAL

CONTENTS

Volume CXVIII, Number 18

Correspondence	594
Editorials	595
We doubt these truths: *Paul Sracic*	596
The proliferation problem: *J. Bryan Hehir*	598
Alone with our rights: *John Garvey*	599
The news media & abortion: *Jeb Byrne*	601
Jesuit colleges without Jesuits?: *Thomas F. Troy*	605
Latin America: Three reports: *Kenneth P. Jameson, Tom Vogel, Jr. George W. Grayson*	609
Poetry: *John Cavadini*	612
Screen: *Richard Alleva*	614
Stage: *Gerald Weales*	615
Media: *Frank McConnell*	616

BOOKS

How to Read Karl Barth: *Garrett Green*	618
Beyond Numeracy/The Man Who Knew Infinity: *Paul E. Budde*	620
In Pursuit of the Kingdom: *John C. Cort*	622

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Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters should not exceed 250 words and are subject to editing for clarity and spacing limitations.

Commonweal, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas, New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038. Telephone: (212) 732-0800. Display advertising correspondence should be sent to Ruth E. Taylor, 11 Graffam Rd., So. Portland, Me. 04106 (207) 799-4387, classified advertising correspondence to 15 Dutch St. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Commonweal, 15 Dutch St. New York, N.Y. 10038.

Cynics at war

In the end, the Senate had to cast a simple vote, yea or nay, on the nomination of Clarence Thomas to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. In evaluating the unprecedented, grueling, and, at moments, bizarre inquiry into allegations of sexual misconduct by Judge Thomas, others need not restrict themselves to a single, simple verdict. The last two weeks strained the nerves of a society struggling to assimilate new developments, both positive and negative, in the relations between men and women and in the real but precarious achievements of African-Americans. But even more dramatically, the final phase of Judge Thomas's confirmation brutally exposed a cynical ruthlessness working its poison at the heart of our political life.

The primary responsibility for this state of affairs lies with two groups. The first is the successive Republican administrations that have pursued a project of reorienting the Court by choosing nominees of little distinction but of known fidelity to the president's political agenda. The second is the liberal alliance that, in reaction, has taken the view that anything goes in blocking nominations. The effort to dig up unsavory, unflattering—any—information that would show a nominee in a bad light began with the Robert Bork nomination and has continued.

Juan Williams of the *Washington Post* (October 10, 1991) reports that because of his news stories about Thomas, he received phone calls from staff working for Democrats on the Judiciary Committee, searching for "anything on your tapes that we can use to stop Thomas." Williams described this search as "indiscriminate, mean-spirited mudslinging" led by champions of fairness: "liberal politicians, unions, civil rights groups, and women's organizations." Such tactics finally included bypassing the nomination process and leaking an affidavit from Professor Anita Hill. All the roil that has followed about sexual harassment; male insensitivity to the problem; and the veracity of Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill—important as these are—should not obscure the corrosive state into which the nomination process has fallen.

Clarence Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court to replace Thurgood Marshall was a clever and cynical choice by George Bush. Still, Thomas deserved a fair hearing (*Commonweal*, August 9, 1991). Despite his political provenance and lack of judicial experience, it was possible that the proceedings would show a man ready for appointment to the Supreme Court. In addition, his experience growing up black and poor might give the Court a perspective it needed. We have argued that were Thomas defeated, succeeding nominees were unlikely to be an improvement.

The administration's campaign on Thomas's behalf and the management by "handlers" of his appearance before the Judiciary Committee raised doubts about his independence. His own testimony raised questions about his judicial abilities: Was a man who forgot, denied, or dismissed his own previous statements capable of serving on the Court? That he had never spoken of *Roe* v. *Wade*, as he claimed,

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was hardly credible and raised questions about his integrity and his willingness to trim his testimony to the exigencies of the nominating process. From the start, then, it was clear, and the hearings confirmed, that Thomas was not a nominee of the highest caliber.

Genuine concerns about his lack of independence, integrity, and judicial abilities were sufficient to justify a "no" vote. With a tie vote of 7-7, the Judiciary Committee sent the nomination to the full Senate and it appeared that Thomas had enough votes to win approval. But the nomination process and legitimate debate about Thomas's fitness for the Court were torpedoed by a leak to the media of Hill's charges of sexual harassment. Thus the question of Thomas's character, which he had chosen to emphasize in the hearings, made it impossible for the Senate to proceed with its vote on October 8.

Did the second round of hearings make us any more knowledgeable about Thomas's fitness for the Supreme Court? Was the Senate better able to decide how to vote? A weekend of charges, counter-charges, and efforts to undermine everyone's testimony could not have resolved allegations that belonged in a court of law. Was the Judiciary Committee too quick to dismiss Hill's allegations? Perhaps so. In fact, there is much we do not know about its inner workings. There was a sound reason for the committee's course of action, whether or not it was the reason committee members had in mind. Like a grand jury, the committee must decide not only how credible allegations are, but whether they are capable of resolution. Only by restricting itself to pursuing those allegations which meet that threshold, can the committee keep itself from becoming a court of innuendo and smear. Anita Hill's allegations, although serious, were also ten years old and involved things that, if done, were done in private. From the beginning reasonable people could foresee that these charges could not be resolved—as they were not.

Clarence Thomas, innocent or guilty, has been caught in rising standards of behavior embodied in Title VII of the Civil Rights Act. Under its provisions, the Court has ruled that verbal as well as physical behaviour in the workplace can constitute sexual harassment. If the law and the current uproar over Hill's allegations result in changing men's behavior and encouraging women to speak up, that is to the good. That is part of what the law does, it helps enforce moral standards and change people's behavior.

But Clarence Thomas, innocent or guilty, has also been caught in a public atmosphere that makes all distinctions virtually impossible. What if this behavior was an aberration in the life of a man otherwise extraordinarily upright and respectful of women? Were the allegations the deeds of a mentally ill woman described with beady-eyed fervor by Orrin Hatch, or could they have been played out in any number of ways—ranging from offensive but unthreatening banter to sadistic torment of a woman employee? Ordinary Americans, women as well as men, were quoted as asking themselves such common-sense questions that had become inadmissible in official circles. In that atmosphere, which no public figure had the courage to challenge, how could Thomas prove that even one episode of aberrational behavior had not taken place? How could he present any defense except his sweeping denials? If he did conduct himself improperly, he is now guilty of perjury.

But the essential problem remains. Not only are we ignorant of who, if anyone, is telling the truth, but it was predictable from the start that this ignorance could not be overcome responsibly outside of a court of law. In our view, the search for dirt and the leak were wrong on three counts: they violated the nomination process; they violated the right of Clarence Thomas to stand innocent until proven guilty; and they violated the confidentiality promised Anita Hill by the Judiciary Committee. The mean and ugly spirit that dominates the nominations process must stop.

There is a clear and constitutional resolution to the problem of nominations. George Bush should stop packing the Court. Surely there are moderate and capable jurists acceptable to both the president and the Senate. If George Bush cannot be sure who these are, why not use the full rubric of the Constitution to seek the *advice* and consent of the Senate? Before seeking the consent of the Senate to the appointment of a justice, seek its advice about suitable candidates. If Mr. Bush refuses, the Senate Judiciary Committee should put him on notice that it will reject all nominees—that is assuming, there be any willing to enter the maw of this voracious animal called public service.

More disheartening than the sorry state of imbalance in our system of checks and balances is the readiness of the usual defenders of fairness and procedural and civil rights to remain silent about the atmosphere of "anything goes," about the leak, and about the violation of Clarence Thomas's and Anita Hill's rights. What civil libertarian, what Senate Democrat has expressed regret at the violation of the party's own political principles? The cynicism displayed by both the president and his opponents is dismaying, but frankly we expected better of the latter.

THE THOMAS HEARINGS (FIRST ROUND)

WE DOUBT THESE TRUTHS

NATURAL LAW TAKES A BEATING

On the morning of September 10, the day the Senate Judiciary Committee was to begin its hearings on the nomination of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court, I paged through the newspaper to learn when the telecast was to begin. It wasn't easy, since the hearings had to share print space with so many eye-catching stories on events in the Soviet Union. The distraction made me wonder whether, thousands of miles away, delegates to the Russian parliament in Moscow were also checking TV schedules to see if CNN would be showing the confirmation process.

If so, I thought, they *should* be watching. After all, these people were engaged in the difficult task of refounding their political system, and of necessity (I thought) the Thomas hearings would engage the committee members, the nominee, and other witnesses in discussion of some foundational principles of our own system, within which the Supreme Court is responsible for protecting

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(and hence for defining) constitutional rights. Since the Constitution itself suggests that its explicit enumeration of rights is not exhaustive, Supreme Court justices are at times required to go beyond the document itself and rely on broad truths or principles to settle difficult cases. And, since senators often have their own opinions about what these truths are, where they are to be discovered, and perhaps even who should be responsible for discovering them, it's to be expected that confirmation hearings for Supreme Court nominees will create a forum for discussion of founding principles, a kind of discussion notably absent from conventional political debate, and yet badly needed. One thinks of a prescient observation made by John Courtney Murray, writing at the height of the cold war:

> If the Communist empire were to fall apart tomorrow, and if Communist ideology were to disintegrate with it, our problems would not be solved....The trouble is that, after you have rejected the Communist order, you are stuck with the sheer fact of the world's disorder.... [Order] is the work of men and peoples who are able to say: There are truths, and we hold them.

So, I thought, listen hard, Mikhail, Boris, and the rest of you: you'll learn what we're about.

Then the hearings began, continued, and ended; and now apologies are in order—not just the conflict over allegations of sexual harassment that came to light after the hearings and as this article went to press, but for more basic reasons. It would seem from what went on that we now have little if anything to teach anyone about founding principles. How else could one of the witnesses before the committee assert that the use of natural law in constitutional theory was akin to using voodoo to interpret Buddhism—and meet with no rebuke?

The philosophic confusion that would run through the hearings was established during initial questioning of the nominee by Senator Joseph Biden (D-Del.). Noting that he would question Judge Thomas about his use of natural law reasoning, Biden said that no one should take him to mean that all natural law thinking was bad. One had to distinguish, he said, between good natural law and bad natural law. Unfortunately, he never told us, at least not clearly, how to tell the difference. One suspects he doesn't *know* the difference—and that not many among his colleagues or in the wider American public could do better. Despite the lack of clarity in Senator Biden's presentation, it may be profitable briefly to examine his dichotomy. It seems that by "good" natural law he referred to a natural law that would serve as the foundation for natural rights to equal treatment and to privacy; "bad" natural law would be the kind that includes among its precepts prohibitions against abortion and homosexual behavior. That is a quirky (and profoundly unphilosophic) distinction. A natural law conceived as capable of defining only individual rights would be a poor and truncated thing; irrelevant, for example, in discussions of affirmative action programs, where the guiding principles are those of remedial justice rather than individual rights. Again, to speak of natural law only in connection with rights provides no roots for duties; yet there is no reason for disconnecting duties from rights. If you have a right to worship as you wish, I have a corresponding duty not to stop you. If you have a right to live, I may have a duty to feed and shelter you to the best of my ability.

Moreover, and perhaps more basically, the concept of rights carries with it powerful implications for any political philosophy, for, as Ronald Dworkin and others point out, rights "trump" powers. Once a right has been recognized and affirmed, the use of governmental authority to deny the exercise of that right is inhibited, even if that authority is aimed at some general good, even if the authority commands the support of a majoritarian tyranny. What we call "human rights" are not created or conferred by government, but rather are independent of and superior to the governmental authority, and cannot be derived from it; they have their roots outside the system that has acknowledged their existence. Or, for that matter, outside *any* system; we do not question, for example, that Soviet citizens had a right to freedom of expression before the arrival of *glasnost*; the rights were there even though suppressed.

Where, then, are they rooted? The acknowledgement of individual rights implies that they are part of a larger order, a moral or natural order; that underlying constitutional and statutory law there exists a natural law. But one who accepts this order faces the further task of deciding where its borders lie, what is included and what is excluded under this concept. It took humankind a very long time to recognize that slavery is contrary to [human] nature. It took the Roman Catholic church a very long time to acknowledge formally that coercion in matters of faith is *fundamentally* wrong. It may take Americans (and others) a very long time to reach consensus on whether the right of choice or the right to life ranks higher, is more in accord with the data of biology and the purpose of human existence.

But these difficulties point to the limits not of natural law but of human understanding; proponents of the theory regard it not as an answer machine but as a way of thinking that is "connatural" to the human mind—and easily recognized as such by Americans, with their Jeffersonian conditioning to the concepts of "unalienable rights" and "self-evident truths."

In this connection it was interesting that during the hearings Clarence Thomas relied strongly on the Declaration of Independence, a founding rather than a ratified constitutional document; a well-chosen reference, since his argument explicitly relied on broad founding principles rather than constitutional principles, and since the Constitution, as originally ratified, explicitly accepted the denial of civil rights and even personhood to African-Americans. It is arguable also that in his defense of Lewis Lehrman's natural law methodology, though he declined to say what natural law thinking affirms about abortion, Thomas managed to suggest that if one advocates for a natural or moral duty to protect the rights of the fetus, one may have to recognize a duty toward the rights of individuals of all races after they are born. Thomas's goal, I think, was to convince conservatives that their assertion of a natural duty not to abort a fetus was tied to a concern for fetal rights, and in turn to a concern for civil rights.

But that may have been as close as the hearings got to acknowledgment that as a people we are often confronted with situations that require attention to first principles, to the truths this nation

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was founded upon and continues to profess, but—if the committee's performance is any gauge—may have ceased to understand. But these occasional, ad hoc attempts to discover a broad public philosophy do little more than demonstrate our own confusion and lack of consensus.

The phenomenon is not recent. Thirty years ago, John Courtney Murray argued that the only "truth" upon which there was consensus in the United States was that communism was bad. But that perception is purely negative; it is not a truth whereon to build. Today, pointing to the collapse of the Soviet system does nothing to solve the problems of poverty and unemployment (for example) in our own. We continue to affirm, but unreflectively, every person's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; we have not yet found reason to conclude that any political economy committed to these truths might find in them a duty to provide bread, work, and a humanizing education to all its people. As the Thomas hearings demonstrated, our own foundational principles are becoming more elusive as they become more necessary; they are not fecund but sterile. If we are to serve as any sort of model for emerging nations and lead a new world order, we must again discuss seriously and reason rightly about whether any truths really are self-evident, what they are, and what they demand of us. PAUL SRACIC

Paul Sracic, a doctoral candidate at Rutgers University, is currently at work on a dissertation which examines the beliefs and role conceptions of Catholic judges.

WORLD WATCH

J. Bryan Hehir

THE PROLIFERATION PROBLEM

A NEW PEACE TO WIN

It's over. I need to admit at the outset that I never thought I would say that in my lifetime. But it's time to review one's premises and revise predictions. The nuclear terror, which shaped so much of the politics and strategy, as well as the literature and moral analysis of the last fifty years, is gone. Nuclear weapons still exist by the thousands but they do not and will not carry the threat to human life and survival which they have for the last two generations. Even though much "cleaning up" will follow, it is useful in October 1991, twenty-nine years after the Cuban Missile Crisis, to simply declare the nuclear danger as we have known it to be over.

What caused the collapse? A combination of political and strategic choices, often driven by wider and deeper forces, has transformed the story of *Danger and Survival* (Random House), as McGeorge Bundy entitled his history of the nuclear age. The fundamental reason for the demise of the nuclear danger was not any of the carefully calibrated arms control treaties of the last three decades, but the sweeping political change in the Soviet bloc from 1989-91. The revolution of 1989 in Eastern Europe ended the Warsaw Pact as a viable strategic threat and transformed the strategic challenge which NATO had been designed to counter. In response to this political change, the Conventional Forces in Europe Treaty (CFE) was concluded and signed in 1991. More recently, President George Bush's remarkable address of September 27, and the equally significant response of President Mikhail Gorbachev, ordering withdrawal of tactical nuclear weapons in the European theater completed what CFE began. The unification of Germany removed the prime political stake in the European theater; the meaning of the German question has changed from who will control Germany to what a united Germany will be and do as part of a united Europe.

The failed coup and consequent collapse of the Soviet Union as a viable political entity climaxed the two years of change. As Mr. Bush's address recognized, the nuclear danger from the Soviet Union now has been transformed from that of a conscious policy against the United States to the danger of chaos—an unplanned, unauthorized use of nuclear weapons. It is to counter that danger that the proposals to drastically reduce nuclear forces on both sides is directed.

The passing comment about negotiated treaties made above is not meant to denigrate the role they have played since the 1950s. In many ways the treaties—from the Partial Test Ban Treaty in 1963 through the START agreements signed in 1991—have been modest in their efforts to prevent nuclear war. But in other ways they have been a substantial contribution to the challenge of managing the nuclear danger. The significance of the political changes of the last two years is that they offer the opportunity to move beyond managing the danger. The premise of the nuclear age was that fundamental political change in the East-West confrontation was either impossible or at least improbable. Hence, the rational objective was to control the strategic relationship in ways which reduced the chance of stumbling into nuclear war in a crisis or falling victim to a nuclear accident.

Neither "stumbling" nor "falling" quite captured the problem: nuclear forces of enormous power and complexity were maintained at hair-trigger readiness, while all agreed that their use would be insane. Could one claim that such conscious planning could coexist with stated fears about stumbling and falling? The permanent paradox of the nuclear era was the conviction that only by being consciously prepared to commit an irrational act could one rationally control the nuclear competition. States ran the risk of stumbling or falling because the risk of being strategically vulnerable or politically intimidated by one's

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adversary seemed greater. A narrowly conceived margin of "rationality" was the foundation of an irrational arms competition. The treaties were the precise but precarious effort made to mediate between "danger and survival."

On purely strategic grounds this "margin of rationality" stretched the notion of what was reasonable. In moral terms the tension was that much worse. From Paul Ramsey in the 1960s to the U.S. Catholic bishops in the 1980s, the effort to encompass nuclear strategy in the moral universe was a taxing task. Neither the authors nor their audiences were ever content with the conclusions. The clarity of calls for condemnation of the entire nuclear enterprise was tempting in its internal coherence. Arguing against them, on the grounds that they either missed the complexity of the nuclear danger, or they would in fact raise the likelihood of nuclear use by delegitimizing nuclear deterrence, has been, in my view, a valid and necessary but not terribly satisfying enterprise.

The point of this review of both strategic and moral arguments is essentially to declare the terms of both debates dated in 1991. The political change in U.S.-Soviet relationships, the transformation of the map and politics of Europe, and the combined results of the START and the CFE treaties, along with the Bush-Gorbachev decisions are enough to render the previous arguments moot. It is true that the U.S. Senate has yet to ratify START or CFE, and the Bush-Gorbachev initiatives need to be implemented, but it is hard to believe any of these issues could revive the old version of the nuclear question. The Senate ought to consent without too much advice on START and CFE; Mr. Bush should take up Mr. Gorbachev's proposal for a test ban; and both sides ought to pursue the simpler road of coordinated unilateral reductions to drastically reduce their arsenals, as the National Academy of Science recently recommended. The fact that even after these steps are taken, nuclear warheads will still exist highlights the character of the 1990s: The nuclear danger as we have known it is over, but nuclear weapons still exist. Indeed, the demise of the U.S.-Soviet danger and the remaining nuclear weapons simply point to the more central problems of the 1990s. They can be defined in two stages.

First, the nuclear question will shift from its superpower fixation to the systemic problem of proliferation. In his preface to *Danger and Survival*, McGeorge Bundy explained his decision to focus upon the U.S.-Soviet relationship rather than other nuclear threats in this way: "This book by contrast is about danger and survival on a planetary scale. Other kinds of nuclear danger may be more probable, but they are not more important." In the 1990s, because other forms of nuclear danger will be far more probable, they are now more important. That danger—a world of many nuclear (or chemical and biological) states—is less cosmic in its scope than the one which has just passed, but it is more complex in its content. The field of players expands dramatically and the issues about which many of the players are concerned go beyond controlling weapons. The likely sources of proliferation lie neither in the East nor the West but in the South. The engagement of the South in a planetary bargain about proliferation will surely spill over into issues which have nothing to do with nuclear (or chemical or biological) weapons. The South's interest in planetary bargains has always been understandably more focused on economic issues than strategic questions. Engaging the South in the proliferation question will and should open other necessary planetary bargains about debt, development, and the environment.

The second stage of setting the agenda for the 1990s involves developing a view of the world capable of ordering the issues after the cold war. The old terms, East-West/North-South simply don't capture the complexity of the issues. The need for different ideas as well as different policies arises because the nuclear danger has dissipated. We should take a moment prayerfully to be grateful and then move on to the issues of the 1990s.

OF SEVERAL MINDS John Garvey

ALONE WITH OUR RIGHTS

AMERICA IS GETTING HARDER TO FIND

America is stranger than we think, more varied and wonderful and potentially dangerous. A few things that have happened recently made me think about how odd we are in the world. I am not talking so much about our national politics (if that means Bush, or who the Democrats might run for president, or the administration's foreign or domestic policy) but a culture that is in so many ways unlike any other.

At one level it almost doesn't exist, or exists in an attenuated and weird way, one that isn't a common understanding or sensibility so much as it is a passivity before our peculiarly empty brand of politics and our having placed commerce at the center of everything. I've written before that our only common culture is made up of law and television, and I'm afraid I still think that's true—but there are other things that we can see about America by comparison with other places.

Europe, right now, is going through a profound crisis with "foreign workers"—some of whom have been there for more than one generation and would not be called foreign in countries which did not still define themselves primarily in racial terms. Great Britain has begun to experience a racial crisis (chickens coming home to roost, I say) not unlike that experienced by Americans during the early years of the civil rights movement. Skin color has always been important to people like Enoch Powell and his younger brothers, the skinheads, and in France to neo-Fascists. Germany worries about its racial purity in the face of migrant Turks, and a neo-Nazi movement is on the rise. National identity is important in Europe in ways Americans have never seriously encountered, because

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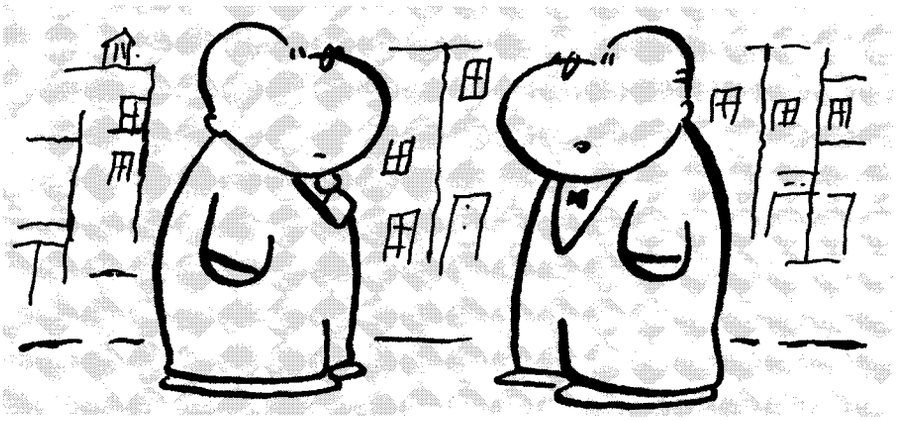

"Agreed, then, Henderson—you don't impact me, and I won't impact you."

we really don't have one that we haven't had to make up as we go along.

America has been guilty of racism, and began its economic life with a dependence on a form of slavery that made the slavery of the ancient world (which allowed for the education of slaves, and their eventual freedom, and did not deny their humanity) seem humane. This evil has skewed our whole common understanding of what America is and can be. The recent conflicts in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn between Hasidic Jews and blacks show the continuing legacy of this bad beginning. But something else needs to be said about America here. The kinds of debates over affirmative action that have accompanied the Clarence Thomas nomination hearings are debates Europe is not yet capable of having. This set of debates, the diversity of black American literary voices, the controversial attention given to how we teach American history, are all positive legacies—whichever side you wind up taking—of a society which has at least confronted racism as a serious reality, however badly it may have handled it. That doesn't mean we have any right to think that we have arrived at anything like a decent society.

I mean this as a kind of damning with faint praise, but the faint praise is something Europe has not yet earned. D.H. Lawrence pointed out in *Studies in Classic American Literature* that America was a place people came to in order to *get away*—but it is important to notice the fact that they wanted to get away from something old and stale: Europe. Many educated, articulate Europeans still believe that the proper response to racial tension or immigration is to try to limit the numbers of, or exclude entirely, these oddly colored and oddly cultured people. Americans who still think that way (and there are lots of them) are at least made to feel ashamed by an official creed, by a prevailing hypocrisy which says you should, at least, *feel* ashamed while doing everything you can to limit the participation of nonblonds in the whole of society. If our culture has narrowed down to law and television, in Yugoslavia it has narrowed down to race and region and religion, and—because religion can be made part of it (Orthodox if you're Serb, Catholic if you're Croat)—there is the obvious danger of idolatry. It is one kind of evil to be constantly distracted, in a culture based on distraction; it is another to claim that religious nationalism or nationalistic religion is in any way holy. The first is willful sleepwalking; the second is blasphemy.

America, in arriving, or blundering its way, into a position slightly less racist than the one Europe has recently tended to show, has used the language of individual rights to describe the need for racial justice. The notion of rights, taken to an extreme in many instances, is typical of a peculiarly American assumption, and presents its own new set of problems.

The assumption is that we exist primarily and most importantly as individuals—that is to say, alone—and each of us has a domain within which he or she is sovereign. A right comes before any other consideration. Remember the line, common during the sixties, "You can do anything you like as long as it doesn't hurt anybody else." That defines our obligation to others as beginning only at the point where the possibility of hurting them begins. Refraining from hurting another is the highest ethical good here. It isn't bad, but a necessary sense of obligation to something higher is missing completely from a rights-based understanding of common life.

In New York City a plan to distribute condoms to public school teen-agers, to help prevent teen pregnancies and fight the spread of AIDS, has been vigorously opposed by those who believe that the schools have no business encouraging students to ignore what their parents might want them to do, where premarital sex is concerned. The teen-agers have a right to sexual behavior unregulated in any way by their parents, according to the ever-sillier American Civil Liberties Union. (An attempt at a compromise that would allow parents to "opt out" of the plan was defeated, and court battles are predicted.) A "right to die" movement has gone beyond such reasonable proposals as the right to refuse life-extending "extraordinary means," and "living wills" that would put this desire into force, to the encouragement of doctor-assisted suicide as a right. The prochoice movement has made a woman's right to choose more important than the choice itself, which is seen as morally neutral.

In America the pluralist assumptions of our form of democracy have combined with individualism to produce a dangerous leveling: no value may be seen as higher than another (only different, morally equivalent), and the right of the individual outstrips any sense of an obligation that might limit rights. The only limitations allowed have to do with the most obvious outer reaches of civic order: you may not falsely yell "fire" in a crowded theater, or spray a crowd at a shopping mall with machine gun fire. Short of that, almost everything is negotiable.

In an odd way, the problems of Europe's racism and the growth of neo-Fascist movements there are the opposite of our problems. There, a false hierarchy of values—racial and cultural purity and homogeneity, seen as superior to a mix of races and cultures—leads to social strife and disorder. Here, value hierarchies are forbidden, rights are everything, and the possibility of any common culture, any common civil understanding, any real civility, is eroding fast.

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THE NEWS MEDIA & ABORTION

WHERE OBJECTIVITY FAILS

JEB BYRNE

The evidence is convincing that the country's mass media have broken their own rules for news, extensively and consistently, in their reporting of the controversy over abortion. Responsible studies have shown a systemic violation of professional journalism standards to favor positions which espouse easy access to abortion. Although this abrogation by the press of a covenant with the public is no secret, it has received only muted attention in the media themselves at a time when they have been publicly lamenting other internal shortcomings, from plagiarism to misquotation, which reflect on journalism's credibility.

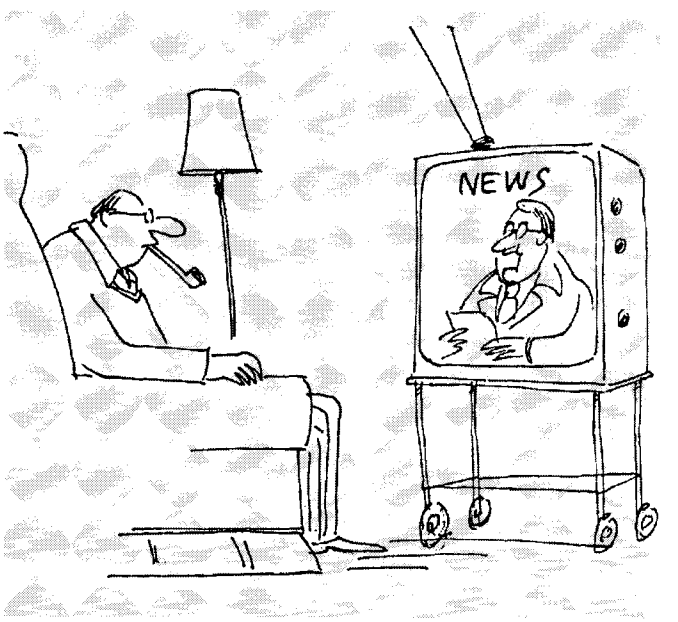
In a nation in which the press is free, what are the basic "rules" which have been broken by preferential reporting of the abortion controversy? They are the agreed-upon principles of objectivity and fairness, central to the codes of ethics of the professional journalism societies and individual news organizations which journalists are expected to follow. These basic ethical precepts in the codes arise from centuries of often contentious development of an American theory of the press. Self-imposed by journalists, albeit after much criticism of past practices from outsiders, they are derived from a model of the press (read "news media") perceived as both indispensable and socially responsible in an advanced democratic society with a pluralistic culture.

After World War II, the socially responsible model of the press which long had been evolving was articulated by the Commission on Freedom of the Press headed by University of Chicago Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins. Hutchins and his associates understood the vital role which had been assumed by the press in a complicated society. The press, they saw, had become "the agency through which the members of a free society receive, as well as exchange, the judgments, opinions, ideas, and information which they need in order to participate in the management of that society."

The major problem which Hutchins and his confreres perceived in this de facto arrangement arose from the costliness of establishing and maintaining mass communication outlets. Increasingly, control of news media was passing into the hands of the few who could muster the necessary capital. The old press role of serving as a check on government had to be broadened to include a check on the press itself in interests dear to its heart and wallet. "The owners and managers of the press determine which persons, which facts, which versions of the facts, and which ideas shall reach the public," said the commission. Who was to check on the use of this power?

The Hutchins Commission had various recommendations. Chief among them was the adjuration that "the press itself... assume the responsibility of providing the variety, quantity, and quality of information and discussion which the country needs." For the press to accept this role required that it recognize that mass journalism had acquired certain responsibilities analogous to those of other common carriers and that it perform professionally.

Although the commission's report was either attacked or ignored for the most part by the journalism fraternity of the late



"According to a stupid research study, news reporters are doing a bad job separating fact from opinion."

JEB BYRNE *is a journalism historian. He has been a press association reporter and is the former director of the U.S. Office of the Federal Register.*

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1940s, the passage of time has seen its analysis largely confirmed and the philosophy of the press which it endorsed broadly approved. Consider the commission's apprehension at the trend toward what it termed "unitary ownership"—a first step on the way to monopoly—in the news media. Consolidation of news outlets, now as then, goes on apace. Newspapers continue to be bought up by large chains and media conglomerates. Competition wanes. This year, according to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, of the 1,611 morning and evening daily newspapers, 1,426 are in monopoly situations; forty-six cities have two dailies under the same ownership and only forty-two cities have two or more dailies under separate ownership. Near monopoly rules in the newspaper field—where the bulk of the substantive and comprehensive reporting is done and whose print products still are relied upon to verify and elucidate the more quickly transmitted but evanescent news provided by broadcast media.

A more heartening development has been that the model of a socially responsible press which the commission described has been accepted generally and even improved upon—at least in theory and at best in practice. In its reflective mode, mainstream journalism considers the professionalism required for a responsible press to include objectivity, impartiality, fairness, and balance—the concepts slide one into the other—as well as the practical ability to "get the story and get it out."

The codes of ethics of the various professional journalism societies promulgate the relevant rules for maintaining a socially responsible press. For instance, the "Statement of Principles" of the American Society of Newspaper Editors declares that "good faith with the reader is the foundation of good journalism. Every effort must be made to assure that the news content is accurate, free from bias and in context, and that all sides are presented fairly." Similarly, the Society of Professional Journalists asserts in its "Code of Ethics" that "objectivity in reporting the news is [a] goal that serves as the mark of an experienced professional. It is a standard of performance toward which we strive....Sound practice makes clear distinction between news reports and expressions of opinion. News reports should be free of opinion or bias and represent all sides of an issue." The "Code of Broadcast News Ethics" of the Radio-Television News Directors Association commits broadcast journalists "to gather and report information of importance and interest to the public accurately, honestly, and impartially." Their code says they will strive "to present the source or nature of broadcast news materials in a way that is balanced, accurate, and fair," and that they will "clearly label opinion and commentary."

Individual news organizations often have their own, reinforcing, ethical codes. For example, Ben Bradlee, who recently retired as executive editor of the *Washington Post*, wrote in the section on ethics of that paper's style book that *Post* "reporters and editors are pledged to approach every assignment with the fairness of open minds and without prior judgment. The search for opposing views must be routine."

These, then, are the applicable rules. There are shadings of difference in the various formulations but the sense, broadly, is the same: objectivity and fairness and their correlatives are required in reporting by a socially responsible press.

Objectivity is elusive. No realist can believe that it is other than a goal, a quest, and an attitude. The conscientious journalist does his or her best to be evenhanded, aware of personal, institutional, and societal dispositions that often must be compensated for in seeking to provide unbiased information to people to help them truly know. This is not the "objectivity" attacked by Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly* (Beacon Press), who scores the concept for, among other things, making the news "more official and establishmentarian" and fostering "an assumption that journalists are not obligated to write what they can demonstrate as true and significant unless it comes from the mouth of authority." That kind of narrow "objectivity" undoubtedly contributed to the bad effects which Bagdikian cites. But it is not the objectivity meant here—or I am sure by the journalism codes—which stresses freedom from partiality and advocacy and should not be construed as the mere transmittal of official pronouncements.

Two long-ago reflections by journalists come to mind as still relevant to an understanding of journalistic objectivity: Sydney Gruson of the *New York Times* observing that "maybe I'm old-fashioned but I feel strongly about the purity of the news columns. Pure objectivity may not exist, but you have to strive for it anyway"; and Donald McDonald of the Center for Democratic Institutions, writing that "while [objectivity] is a goal, it is also a process, a kind of operational guideline, a demanding but not impossibly idealistic criterion of professional competence" which covers both "the individual journalist and the institution...."

It should come as no surprise to anyone who follows print and broadcast news that objectivity and its partner, fairness, the equity principle, have fared poorly in news reports of the abortion controversy. Close scrutinies of the news media's inclinations in reporting on abortion include a study by the Washington-based Center for Media and Public Affairs, which specializes in content analysis of news stories on public issues. In a study more clearcut than its recent one on the media and the church, the center analyzed 333 print and broadcast items on abortion, including thirty-six opinion pieces, from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the evening news of ABC, CBS, and NBC over an eight-month period in 1989. Among its finding were that the National Organization for Women and the National Abortion Rights League were the most quoted groups, and that "prochoice activist sources [cited] outnumbered their prolife counterparts by a five to three margin." Given the amount of material surveyed, these arithmetical calculations are rough indicators of fairness.

The *Washington Post* confirmed its own leanings through the candid reports of ombudsman Richard Harwood. He conceded in an early 1990 column that the paper's editorials and "homegrown" columnists put the *Post* in the "prochoice" camp in respect to opinion, and he speculated that close textual analysis would reveal that the paper's news coverage also favored the "prochoice" side.

The tentativeness of the latter admission disappeared two months later when the *Post* dismissed with a short piece in the

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paper's Metro section a heavily attended "Rally for Life" at the Washington Monument. This had been the scene the year before of an abortion rights rally which the *Post* had blanketed with coverage, before and after the event. In another column, Harwood said that the "trivialization" by the *Post* of the "Rally for Life" had "left a blot on the paper's professional reputation." An explanation by the managing editor that the *Post* newspeople were unprepared for the "Rally for Life" because they were neither part of the antiabortion movement nor knew anyone who was involved did not soak up the blot.

The most thorough examination of the news media's performance in communicating the abortion controversy to the public has been by David Shaw, the diligent media reporter of the *Los Angeles Times* who won a Pulitzer Prize this year. Shaw took on the task of examining and analyzing the coverage of abortion by major newspapers, television, and news magazines for an eighteen-month period. He found it skewed in all three media.

In seventeen years of critiquing his own profession, Shaw has shown no reluctance to investigate controversial subjects. He detailed his findings on abortion coverage last year in a four-part series published by the *Los Angeles Times*. His conclusion: "Responsible journalists do try to be fair, and many charges of bias in abortion coverage are not valid. But careful examination of stories published and broadcast reveals scores of examples, large and small, that can only be characterized as unfair to the opponents of abortion, either in content, tone, choice of language, or prominence of play....[T]hroughout the media, print and broadcast alike, coverage of abortion tends to be presented—perhaps unconsciously—from the abortion-rights perspective."

Shaw wrote that his investigation had shown that the news media consistently used language and images implicitly favoring abortion-rights advocates, quoted them more frequently, characterized them more favorably than abortion opponents, and sometimes ignored or gave scant attention to events and issues advantageous to opponents of abortion. He found that many news organizations gave better play to stories and rallies and electoral and legislative victories of abortion-rights advocates than to those of abortion opponents. In sections of newspapers more overtly reserved for opinion, he found that columns of commentary on op-ed pages of most major daily newspapers favoring abortion by more than two to one, and that newspaper editorial writers and columnist normally sensitive to violations of First Amendment rights and other civil liberties often ignored such issues when raised by abortion opponents.

Because of Shaw's reputation as a tough, thorough, and even-handed media critic, I was interested in how the journalism community received this series. Some newspapers and broadcast outlets gave appropriate notice to his findings. Moreover, the official publications of two journalism associations carried segments of the series. The *Quill*, published by the Society of Professional Journalists, reprinted part 2 and the American Society of Newspaper Editors' *Bulletin* used excerpts from part 1. Neither journal, of course, is a "popular" publication.

Overall, I found mainstream journalism's response to the series disappointing. Here was a substantive inquiry involving a national issue of consequence. David Shaw's reputation gave his investigation credibility. With abortion stories appearing daily in the media, it was timely. The investigation that preceded the writing was thorough. The findings about an entrenched institution in American life were disquieting. These are the makings of a national news story in the big media. It did not happen.

Even the two national journalism reviews, the *Columbia Journalism Review* (*CJR*) and the *Washington Journalism Review* (*WJR*), which focus on problems in the news media and are avidly read by working journalists, let this story slide by. *CJR*, published at Columbia University since 1961, long has been considered the leading press watcher. Its challenger, *WJR*, now published at the University of Maryland, averred last year that "the most important instruments of media criticism today are the independent journalism reviews." Neither publication mentioned the Shaw series at all until Shaw himself made a passing reference to it in *CJR* this year while reviewing three books on media bias. (The *Washington Post* and *CJR* eventually did carry stories about accusations of abortion bias at one newspaper: the Sacramento [California] *Union* which, a rarity among its peers, is prolife.)

Then there was the matter of the Pulitzer Prize. For a time last spring it appeared that Shaw's abortion series would be part of the basis for a Pulitzer Prize awarded to him. The Pulitzer jury for "beat reporting" nominated Shaw as one of three finalists in that category for his three four-part series published in 1990 which critiqued news coverage of the McMartin preschool child abuse case in Southern California, the abortion controversy, and minority affairs. The *Los Angeles Times*, in addition to submitting Shaw's three series—all top professional jobs—in the "beat reporting" competition, also submitted the McMartin case by itself in the "explanatory journalism" classification. The jury for the latter category did not choose McMartin for finalist honors. The Pulitzer Prize board, composed mostly of people high in the media, has broad discretion and can move things around. Shaw received a well-deserved, and overdue, Pulitzer. But it was in the "criticism" category—for which his work had not been submitted—and it was awarded for the McMartin case alone. There were other shuffles between categories in this year's Pulitzer proceedings, but the maneuvering over the basis for Shaw's award was the most convoluted by far. Curious.

The focus here thus far has been on the tilt found in so-called "straight news" about abortion, the departure from applicable journalistic standards, and the less-than-adequate effort by mainstream journalism to acknowledge a serious imbalance. There is another element involved in communication of the total abortion story: editorials, commentary, op-ed pieces—opinion *qua* opinion. In the old libertarian model of the press this area was nobody's business but the owner's. In the socially responsible model of the press it is perceived differently. Robert Hutchins and his Commission on the Freedom of the Press explained why: dominant news media could prevent ideas they did not favor from receiving a hearing, an intolerable situation in a democracy.

The commission urged the controllers of the "great agencies of communication" to show "hospitality to ideas" with which

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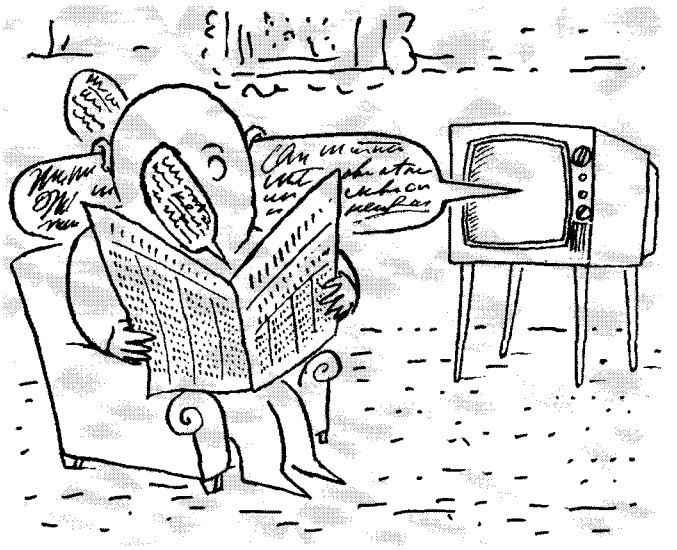

they did not agree. The Hutchins group held that the monetary lock on channels of mass communications made it imperative that they serve, at least to a degree, as common carriers so that important ideas be given a "fair chance" in public discourse. There was no quarrel with traditional beliefs that mass news media had "a proper function of advocacy" and should exercise it, or that separate organs of advocacy had their own special roles to play. The cause for anxiety was that the mass media's "control over the various ways of reaching the ear of America is such that, if they do not publish ideas which differ from their own, those ideas will never reach the ear of America." The commission was careful to indicate that the common carrier function extended to significant ideas and not mere mutterings.

Many newspapers now agree with this notion of obligation to print more than their own opinions. The prevalence of op-ed pages and columnists of different stripes attests to that. Robert B. Semple, Jr., one of the journalists to serve as editor of the op-ed page of the *New York Times*, recalls that when the *Times* was considering such a departure from past practices, in-house advocates found publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger receptive. This was chiefly because Sulzberger had "a gut feeling that the *Times* would honor its traditions and better serve its readers by welcoming a variety of views providing doctrinal counterpoints to the liberalism of the paper's editorial columns and its columnists." So the *Times* began an op-ed venture on September 21, 1970, which is still going strong. The op-ed tradition at the *Times* and certain other newspapers appears to be secure.

However, the presence of columnists and op-ed pages has not ensured a real forum for diverse opinions when abortion is the subject. Although Shaw's findings, discussed earlier, primarily concerned news coverage, he also found op-ed pages weighted heavily to the prochoice side. On abortion, the Hutchins Commission's "fair chance" had become remarkably selective.

It would be reassuring to believe that the threat to journalism standards—which on this issue comes more from the newsroom than the executive suite—is diminishing. The publicly embarrassed *Washington Post* does cover abortion-related rallies and protests more evenhandedly than in the past. There are indications of other improvements here and there elsewhere in the media. But the ideological "prochoice" drumbeat remains detectable behind much of the reporting. In the commentary it is overpowering.

Media handling of the *Rust* v. *Sullivan* (1991) decision of the Supreme Court is a case in point. The Court upheld federal regulations directing that counseling in federally funded family planning clinics be limited to family planning. Providing information about abortion was excluded by the regulations. The legal decision was to the effect that the government could shape its programs. The torrent of news stories, commentary, and op-ed pieces made it almost exclusively a free speech issue. The contrary argument, that the regulation did not violate free speech, was lost in the hubbub. No matter your view on the issue, you would be hard put to conclude that the latter argument received a fair hearing in much of the reporting and commentary.

For instance, the *New York Times* quickly carried an op-ed piece by Professor Walter Dellinger of Duke who was co-counsel for a supporting brief in the case. An op-ed piece offered the *Times* later by William R. Archer sought to give the government's side. Archer, an obstetrician who is the deputy assistant secretary for population affairs of the Department of Health and Human Services, administers the Title X program involved. The *New York Times* turned down his piece and so did several other leading newspapers to which it was submitted. On the day it finally appeared in the conservative, comparatively small-circulation *Washington Times*, the *New York Times* had found space for another op-ed piece on *Rust* v. *Sullivan*. It was written by inmate Jean Harris from the Bedford Hills (N.Y.) Correctional Facility and was illustrated by a forty-one-square-inch cartoon of hulking, black-robed judges deciding the fate of a tiny pregnant woman.

Another recent example of media heavyhandedness was the role of Laurence H. Tribe, a Harvard law professor, on ABC's "Nightline" program covering the Operation Rescue protest in Wichita, Kansas (August 6, 1991). Barbara Walters thanked him for participating to provide "balance." The other guests were the federal district judge who castigated both the protesters and the Department of Justice which did not agree with his legal reasoning, and the protesting group's counsel who was seeking circuit court review of the judge's actions. No matter what your opinion of the tactics used by Operation Rescue or of the Department of Justice's stance, interpreting Tribe's hostile remarks about the protest and the Department of Justice as constituting "balance" would be difficult.

The public depends upon the mass media for objective and fair information about public issues for knowledge and as the basis for decision and action. Since *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services* in 1989, decision-making on the availability of abortion has been more widely distributed throughout the country than before. Correspondingly, the public need has increased for substantive, objective, and fair information on the subject as well as genuine debate in which different ideas and nuanced positions can receive their "fair chance" for consideration. The mass media are uniquely positioned to provide such information and to serve as authentic forums. For a socially responsible press, both of these services are obligations.

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JESUIT COLLEGES WITHOUT JESUITS?

IGNATIAN IDENTITY AT RISK

THOMAS F. TROY

Anyone within earshot of one of the twenty-eight Jesuit colleges or universities in the United States knows that they have been celebrating 450 years of Jesuit education. The celebrations began in the nation's capital in June 1989 with Assembly '89, the 200th anniversary of the founding of Georgetown University and the start of Catholic higher education in this country. Underlying the pride of past achievements and the optimism of the moment, however, there was one question which the *National Jesuit News* said could not be avoided: "Is this the last hurrah of Jesuit education in the United States?"

Before that unsettling question could be really tackled, Jesuits had already started celebrating two other anniversaries: In 1990, the 450th anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus and in 1991, the 500th anniversary of the birth of Ignatius Loyola. This twin celebration—with Masses, retreats, conferences, lectures, seminars, and workshops—stressed the role of Ignatian spirituality in answering that question, in defining the character of Jesuit education, and in trying to preserve the "Jesuitness" of the twenty-eight colleges and universities.

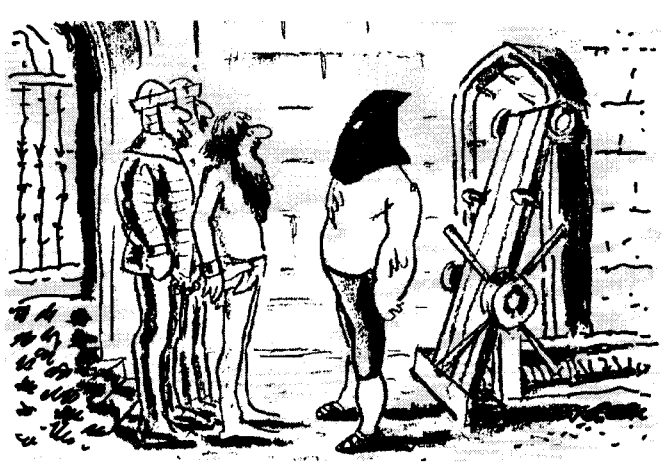
Recently the former president of the Association of Jesuit Colleges and Universities, William C. McInnes, S.J., thought it was time "to bring the dialogue on Jesuit education out of the closet and into the national forum." That suggestion, repeated in a new book, *Jesuit Higher Education* (Duquesne University Press), seemed to invite non-Jesuit participation. Let the expanded dialogue begin.

The twenty-eight Jesuit institutions of higher education have much to celebrate. After all, there are twenty-eight of them, all linked together by their common Catholic faith and Ignatian inspiration. No other Catholic religous order runs anywhere near as many.

Today these Jesuit colleges and universities dominate Catholic higher education. Notre Dame, conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, is the best known Catholic university in the country and the Vincentians' St. John's has the largest enrollment. However, five Jesuit schools—Boston College, Loyola in Chicago, Fordham, Georgetown, and Marquette—are among the ten largest American Catholic schools. The Jesuits' twenty-eight schools represent 12 percent of the Catholic colleges and universities, and claim one-third of the total 1987 student enrollment, 175,043 out of 571,065. Jesuit enrollment rose to 182,628 in 1990. Jesuits also run an impressive panoply of undergraduate, graduate, law, education, medical, business, nursing, engineering, and dental schools.

However, not all is wine and roses. While Jesuit schools have expanded and flourished, they have stopped multiplying. From 1789 until 1954, when Wheeling was established, a Jesuit college or university was founded in this country on the average of every six years. It was also the year that Jesuit numbers, reflecting the post-Vatican II turmoil among clergy and religious, began a steady decline. They were 31,861 in 1971, and thereafter dropped regularly, to 24,924 in 1988. The median age of Jesuits is steadily increasing, and the new men are few, under one hundred a year in the United States. More distressing is the likely continuance of this decline for the next decade, after which the Jesuit population is expected to stabilize.

Meanwhile, another development, which accentuates the problem of fewer Jesuits, is the nature of post-World War II student enrollment. Not only are students more numerous, but student bodies are more diverse. They include more women, blacks, Hispanics, foreigners, and non-Catholics. For instance, women, once largely absent from Jesuit campuses, now constitute the majority of students on seventeen of them. In fact, in 1990 Jesuits



"I always say no pain, no gain."

THOMAS F. TROY, *a free-lance writer, boasts of having read and filed at home every copy of the Jesuit weekly* America *published since he was introduced to the journal when he was a Holy Cross freshman in 1937.*

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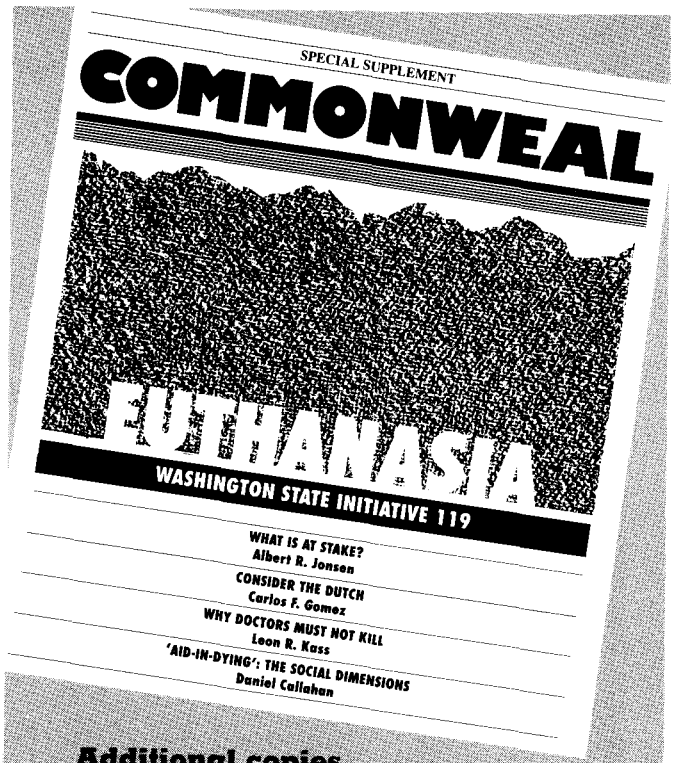

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educated more women (95,801) than men (86,827). Minorities now constitute 14.8 percent of the Jesuit student body. Hence today's Jesuit enrollment is notably different from the largely white, Catholic, European sons of earlier decades and includes many students with little or no interest in Jesuit education.

The flip side of larger, albeit more diversified student bodies, is more teachers, who by necessity are not Jesuits. On Jesuit campuses today there are 27,000 teachers of whom only 1,000 are Jesuits. At Holy Cross the faculty of 259 numbers three times as many women (59) as Jesuits (20). How many faculty are Catholic, or even Christian, is not known because accrediting agencies, recruiting practices, and the law hamper asking about religious affiliation. Hence, Jesuits have become a small minority on their own campuses. While they once ran their schools their way, they must yield much to those who march to different drummers.

And then there are the people who actually run Jesuit institutions, for it is not quite accurate to say, as I did, that they are run by the Society of Jesus. For many reasons—numbers, accrediting requirements, federal and state laws on student aid, nondiscrimination, grants, etc.—the twenty-eight colleges and universities have been cut loose corporately from the Jesuit order. They have been separately incorporated under state laws. These corporations contract with local Jesuit communities which provide specified services and are guaranteed certain offices but do not control the corporations, which are run by boards of trustees who are known to be committed to Jesuit education. At latest count there are on these boards 858 trustees, of whom 249 are Jesuits. All boards but one are chaired by laymen; Loyola in New Orleans has a chairwoman. The boards elect the presidents who, until June 1990, were all Jesuits; with Detroit's merger with Mercy College, a religious sister took over for the first time in Jesuit history. Next will be a lay president somewhere. Once again the Jesuit stamp on the college or university is obscured.

How can Jesuit schools be "Jesuit" without Jesuits? Students and faculty number 200,000 on Jesuit campuses, but Jesuits—one thousand professors, some administrators, and retirees in residence—are nearly lost in the flood. Thus a cartoon in the Holy Cross *Crusader* showing a campus crowd bore the caption: "Find the Jesuit!" Students can graduate after four years having had no more than one or two—if any—Jesuit professors. At Holy Cross it is possible to go through four years without taking any course in Catholic philosophy or theology. And what is the "Jesuit" and "Catholic" character of the education being dispensed by the 26,000 other professionals, many of whom are not grounded in Jesuit ideals?

That appellation, Jesuit—originally flung opprobiously at Ignatius and his followers as "Jesus-ites"—has long been a treasured Jesuit possession, a particular mark of excellence in education. Education was a ministry to which Ignatius, intent on saving souls and defending the Catholic church, was drawn not because he planned it but because so many of his contemporaries, seeing his success in training his own men, wanted it for them-

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selves and their sons. The Jesuit method of education, the *Ratio studiorum* or plan of studies, was a well-designed and well-tested pedagogical plan and curriculum centering on the classics, the arts, philosophy, and theology. It made Jesuit schools distinctive, if not unique, and it stamped Jesuit-trained students as clear thinkers, articulate spokesmen and writers, apostles, scholars, and gentlemen. It flourished for two hundred years but had become only a memory long before World War II.

Even so Jesuits seem more insistent than ever on advertising their colleges and universities not as Catholic or Roman Catholic but as Jesuit. Wheeling College in West Virginia has renamed itself Wheeling Jesuit College. Fordham advertises itself as "the Jesuit university of New York." Advertising schools as Jesuit means that the Society wants to underscore its determination to adjust to the changing world about it, to live always in "the real world," even while remaining committed to humanizing and evangelizing it.

Hence the current problems have troubled but not daunted the Jesuits. There was some question in the post-Vatican II turmoil as to whether the educational ministry, only one of several Jesuit ministries, should be continued. To some, saving the world—the "preferential option" for the poor, oppressed, and afflicted—seemed more demanding than "saving souls." Fewer young Jesuits seem attracted to education. According to McInnes, "A wave of anti-intellectualism rolled across the Society of Jesus, rocking it from top to bottom." The question and some misunderstanding persist, but the waters are calmer today because of the late superior general Pedro Arrupe's enunciation of the ideal: "Education for others." It was an ingenious compromise between education and Christian activism. Certainly Arrupe's successor, Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, S.J., at Assembly '89, tried to dispel any misunderstanding about the role of education in the promotion of justice even while he frankly admitted that "our own enthusiasm about the future may depend on how much we feel that the schools we now call 'Jesuit' still retain their Jesuit identity."

But at Holy Cross, for instance, a presidentially appointed committee admitted its inability to define the college as a Catholic, Jesuit liberal arts college. As for "education for others," the committee declared that no one has "a blueprint for Catholic and Jesuit education, much less for education conducive to inspiring 'men and women for others.'" Jesuit educators elsewhere have had no difficulty coming up with long lists of the characteristics of Jesuit education. One popular list, drawn up in 1969, emphasizes: "An apostolic intent, a lived witness, a pragmatic strategy of education, an emphasis on intellectual development, and a world-affirming spirituality." But how can these characteristics be realized when so many contemporary realities and pressures have pushed religion to the campus periphery?

Though a minority on their own faculties, Jesuits express determination to maintain a strong presence in the presidencies, on the boards of trustees, and in other critical areas. They insist on having theology and religious studies departments and on having them headed and staffed as much as possible by Jesuits. They generally have a core curriculum, but students in their four years rarely have to take more than one or two courses with a Catholic thrust. Another common feature is a campus ministry, a channel of Jesuit influence, an up-to-date version of the Newman Club. While the twenty-eight institutions are independent, they work together through the Association of Jesuit Colleges and Associations, an effective Washington lobby.

However, true to their Ignatian inspiration, Jesuits are particularly trying to make the idea of Jesuit education better known to their non-Jesuit colleagues, to establish on the intellectual front genuine communities of Jesuits and laypersons. Hence, they are consciously reaching out to the latter, to talk with them, even to find new ways of talking. Thus, a Boston College Jesuit, Joseph A. Appleyard, has described the college's forthright experiment in hosting an informal weekend discussion among twenty-five professors on "working in a university which identifies itself as Catholic and Jesuit." Some Jesuit institutions, when considering new professors, directly describe Jesuit aims and characteristics and solicit from prospective faculty and administrators some expression of willingness to work positively in a Jesuit atmosphere. They will have to do more of this now that Pope John Paul II, in his 1990 apostolic constitution on Catholic universities, has admonished Catholic educators against letting non-Catholics outnumber Catholics on their faculties. Meanwhile, Jesuits are finding that many of their non-Jesuit colleagues are willing, even eager, to share their vision of the Jesuit university. Can 1,000 change 26,000?

Yes, said Kolvenbach, who minimized the numbers problem: "One Jesuit who is truly a Jesuit can be all that is needed to guarantee...the Jesuitness of the university." Yes, said the former president of Georgetown University, Timothy Healy, S.J., who now runs the New York Public Library, if Jesuits are willing "to share the full base of their life and work, the *Spiritual Exercises* of Ignatius Loyola" with their Catholic and non-Catholic, Jewish, and even agnostic colleagues.

Unrealistic? Perhaps. Nevertheless, the current celebrations show that Healy and Kolvenbach are articulating a widespread Jesuit conviction. The *Ratio studiorum* may be dead, but that after all was a philosophy and strategy of education. It never was the source of Jesuit drive, enthusiasm, and energy. That source was, after Christ and the Gospels, those *Exercises*, written by Ignatius and made the basis of Jesuit training and spiritual renewal. They were not a book to be read but a life to be lived. Their primary purpose was to turn out not simply thinkers and spokesmen, not only lawyers, doctors, and economists, but other Christs. That is the book and the message which Jesuit educators have been passionately preaching as the solution to their educational problem. Still, there is that identity problem: Jesuit education today is vastly different from the Jesuit education of a generation ago.

Are the *Spiritual Exercises* the answer to these concerns? In the Jesuit framework, ultimately yes, but proximately no; and Jesuits know it. That "dialogue on Jesuit education," said McInnes, must be brought into "the national forum." As a starter, Jesuit writers, who have almost exhausted themselves in their laudatory coverage of three years of celebrating, should begin to produce for a non-Jesuit audience more justification for current

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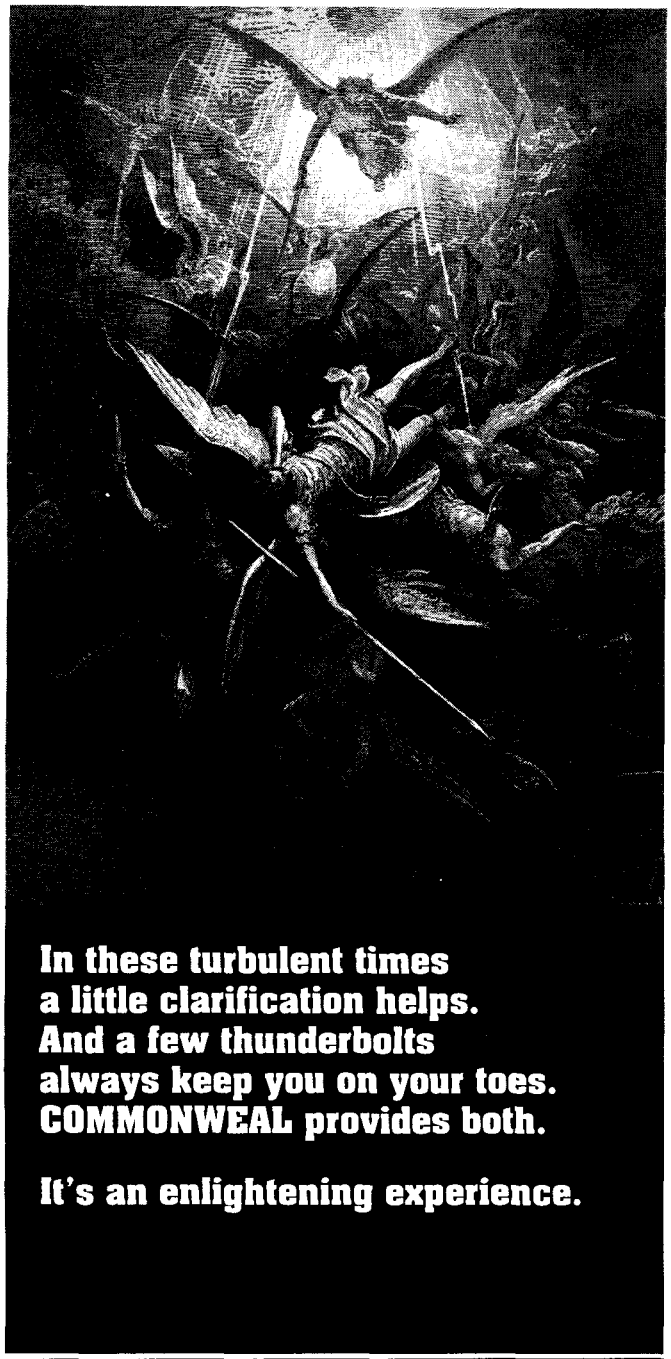
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Jesuit educational philosophy, especially "education for others."

In attempting the latter, they should, if dedicated to higher education, take their lead from John Paul's apostolic constitution wherein he affirmed "the church's belief in the *intrinsic* value of knowledge and research" (emphasis added). Nowhere in the current literature this writer has seen has there been any such simple, authoritative Jesuit affirmation. Instead, in this post-Vatican II world the Jesuits have dedicated themselves to service to the faith through the promotion of justice, that preferential option for the poor. That dedication is noble, needed, and stirring; but it leaves education only an instrumental value and Jesuits with little validity for a life of scholarship, learning, *la vie intellectuelle*.

The Jesuits themselves need to do more to attract men who value scholarship and who, as Avery Dulles, S.J., said at Assembly '89, will contribute to human knowledge through scientific research and will carry on the Jesuit tradition in music, poetry, theater, and architecture. Jesuit formation units need to stress the college role. Jesuit schools need to do a better job of hiring qualified Jesuits. On the other hand, too many Jesuits are, according to a Jesuit rector, "too comfortable and do not do what is necessary to become qualified scholars."

Jesuits must begin to give as much thought to ensuring the Catholicity of their schools as they give to preserving their Jesuitness. What Raymond A. Schroth, S.J., said in *Commonweal* (June 1) about revitalizing Catholicism in Catholic colleges certainly applies to Jesuit institutions. Jesuits face the danger of minimizing religion as they work with an increasingly diverse campus population and a curriculum run wild. Jesuits too often seem willing to settle for an ecumenically moral campus ethos. At Holy Cross a faculty committee "argued that religion had only a 'minimal' role in traditional Jesuit liberal arts education." How does one square that minimalism with John Paul's statement that in a Catholic university Catholicism be "vitally present and operative"?

Finally, Jesuits know their schools are likely to decline in number. While total Jesuit enrollment increased last year, ten schools suffered losses. Will Jesuits let the faltering ones simply drop as finances doom them, or will they take some strategic, cooperative approach to the consolidation of schools? Are they ready for radical surgery: Why run big universities (and prestigious law schools) that are not Catholic or Jesuit? Why not stick to colleges and high schools at which they would be able to develop, as of old, a distinctively Jesuit and Catholic character?

In sum, the Jesuit reporter who worried about the "last hurrah" of Jesuit education had reason for concern. Jesuits confront a daunting challenge. They are tackling it vigorously, but success is much in doubt. Unless they succeed, their colleges and universities will be schools Ignatius would not recognize. Rather, in a generation, they will be as completely secularized as are the once great American Protestant universities. If that happens, the fallout will surely hurt other Catholic colleges and liberal arts schools generally.

A loyal (but skeptical) alumnus can find hope in the conviction that if anybody can succeed in an endeavor such as this, the Jesuits can. The event is in the hands of God.

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LATIN AMERICA: THREE REPORTS

TERROR IN PERU, CHANGE IN MEXICO

KENNETH P. JAMESON
TOM VOGEL, JR.
GEORGE W. GRAYSON

IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA

DEATH & DEBT IN PERU

An epidemic of cholera broke out in northern Peru in January 1991; by midyear it had spread throughout the country and into southern Ecuador, Brazil, Colombia, and Chile. Isolated cases have been reported in Venezuela, Mexico, and even in the U.S. But the epidemic was and remains most severe in Peru, where the human and economic costs have added substantially to the misery of economic depression at a time of social disorder rising out of guerrilla warfare and the struggle to control the drug traffic.

Public health efforts and the change of seasons slowed the spread of the epidemic from a 78 percent rate of expansion in March to 65 percent in April, but by fall some 2,300 Peruvians had died and an estimated 700,000 of the 22 million population had been infected. Tourism declined by 70 percent, fish exports were interrupted, and all other goods from Peru came under increased scrutiny by importers. Estimates of lost export revenues ranged as high as $1 billion, or 25 percent of total annual export earnings, though actual losses are likely to be less.

This is the first major outbreak of cholera in South America since 1888; as such, it raises troubling questions that go beyond the arena of medical science and transcend geographical boundaries. A somewhat bizarre step taken by Peru's President Alberto Fujimori for purposes of public relations—one that unknowingly duplicated an experiment conducted a century earlier for very different purposes—serves to point up what is at stake. Along with Felix Canal Torres, his minister of fishing, Fujimori consumed an ample serving of marinated raw fish in the traditional dish called *cebiche* on national TV; his aims were to counter the fears of trading partners and encourage Peruvians to go on eating the dish. Fujimori seems to have suffered no ill effects; a popular magazine reported that Canal was hospitalized with cholera, but "lost medical records" prevented verification. It is unclear how many Peruvians followed their lead, and with what effects. But the main lesson of Fujimori's action may be to recall the point of a similar incident that took place when cholera was first being researched and understood.

The German bacteriologist Robert Koch isolated the cholera bacillus during an epidemic in Calcutta in 1883, thereby laying the basis for the modern understanding of the disease. His discovery added fuel to the active debate on how to deal with cholera's recurring assaults on the public health. On one side were the germ theorists, such as Koch; on the other Max von Pettenkofer and his followers in the "sanitation-nutrition" school of public health.

No one questioned that the bacillus identified by Koch was the cause of cholera. But Pettenkofer was convinced that healthy, well-nourished adults not beset by chronic infections could resist even major exposure to disease-causing agents. No armchair theorist, he set about proving his thesis by ingesting cholera bacilli. René Dubos describes the experiment in his biography *Louis Pasteur, Freelance of Science* (1976):

> He [Pettenkofer] obtained a culture freshly isolated from a fatal case of the epidemic then raging in Hamburg and, on October 7, 1892, swallowed a large amount of it on an empty stomach, the acidity of which had been neutralized by drinking an adequate amount of sodium carbonate; these were the very conditions stated by Koch as most favorable for the establishment of the disease. The number of bacilli ingested by Pettenkofer was immensely greater than that taken under normal conditions of exposure and yet no symptoms resulted except "light diarrhea," although an enormous proliferation of the bacilli could be detected in the stools.

According to Dubos, the experiment showed that along with infectious agents, many other factors are involved in epidemics, among them climate, environment, a patient's general health, and "the social structure of the community." In light of these findings, amply confirmed by later experience, President Fujimori's resistance to cholera bacilli—assuming that the *cebiche* he ate was in fact infected—was not surprising; the presidents of even underdeveloped Latin American countries are generally well-nourished and in good health.

The debate of the 1890s concerned social policy toward health improvement; how much funding should go to medical research, how much to improved sanitation, nutrition, and other conditions affecting health. The reappearance of cholera in South America after a century's absence recasts that debate in stark form. Though great advances have been made in understanding and treating

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diseases like cholera, how far can basic nutrition and sanitation deteriorate before epidemics resurge?

Cholera was held at bay in the Western Hemisphere by nearly a century of improvements in nutrition, sanitation, and health care, improvements which accelerated dramatically after the 1950s because of better (if imperfect) development strategies, the conscious formulation and implementation of health and sanitation policies by modernizing governments, and increases in the transfer of resources through foreign aid and the international financial system.

But, partly in response to very real limits and failures of governments and policy, fashions in development theory changed. In the new gospel, reponsibility for development was to be entrusted to automatic forces: the private sector and the impersonal market, with their supposed genius for "efficient allocation of resources." Meantime, the inflow of international resources dwindled. Foreign aid has grown much more slowly than world income, falling from .48 percent of developed country GNP in 1965 to .36 percent in 1988, with the U.S. contribution falling from .58 percent of GNP in 1965 to .21 percent in 1988 and .15 percent in 1989. In the 1970s, petrodollars recycled through the private banking system were the main source of external funds, and they virtually dried up after the Mexican default of 1982. Lending by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund increased but became skewed toward structural adjustment programs designed to reduce the role of government and to foster production of export goods rather than to support traditional sectoral programs to improve sanitation, provide clean water, and supply health and education services. In 1989, for example, the World Bank loaned Latin America $3 billion for "adjustment" but only $419 million for projects in health, nutrition, population, water supply, and sewage.

Admittedly, ineffective national governments in developing countries have contributed mightily to decline in the 1980s. In Peru a discredited military government was replaced by the phlegmatic Fernando Belaunde in 1980 and then by the charismatic but unstable Alan García in 1985. Whether or not García, as has been charged, made off with some of the national treasure in collaboration with the scandal-ridden Bank of Credit and Commerce International, his intransigent stance on the country's debts made Peru a pariah in Western financial circles, so that current efforts to obtain new financing are made contingent on paying off much of the debt arrears. His successor, Fujimori, who took over in 1990, has been no more effective than his predecessors in dealing with the *Sendero Luminoso* guerrilla movement nor with the drug traffic that partially finances it; it is most unlikely that the involvement of a handful of U.S. military trainers will turn that situation around.

Meantime, after ten years of depression, the resources available to any Peruvian government continue to decline. With population increasing at 2.2 percent annually, Peru's per capita output actually decreased by 1.1 percent in the '80s. The figures are impersonal, but the effects—particularly among the poor—are not. Lower incomes force poor people to choose foods that are cheaper and more easily satisfy feelings of hunger, but that have far less nutritional value: bread, onions, bananas, replacing milk and meat. (In nearby Bolivia, after five years of depression, nutritional surveys found caloric consumption to be only 40 percent of the recommended levels, of protein 56 percent.) At the same time many poor workers must work longer and harder for less income, and the share of working women with second jobs increases rapidly. And, as investment in water and sewage infrastructure diminishes and older systems begin to fall apart for lack of maintenance, the kind of slow improvement in sanitation that had been a part of development begins to reverse.

In short, the cholera epidemic now still raging is no accident; it was a disaster in preparation for a decade. Neither is the epidemic the consequence of purely local policies. Along with other factors already mentioned, the failure of the world financial community to solve the problem of third-world debt overhang is certainly among the reasons for the spread of disease in Peru and elsewhere; in the 1980s an average of $30 billion a year was transferred out of the countries of Latin America alone to the first world; in 1989, Latin America paid to the World Bank $1.2 billion more than was transferred there in new funds. While a strengthened market system is indeed desirable, the insistent emphasis by the World Bank and the IMF on privatization—without regard to the collateral damage suffered by the poor through neglect of other developmental needs—in large part reflects purely ideological pressures generated by the U.S. administration. The preference of lenders for export-oriented investment serves to crowd out production for urgent local needs, to favor increased concentration of wealth, and to promote the interests of first-world banks seeking repayment of imprudent and ill-conceived loans.

When cholera was epidemic in the U.S. in the 1830s, blame was placed on the victims, on the "morally weak." Charles Rosenberg, in *The Cholera Years* (1962), quotes a contemporary observer: "Notwithstanding the increase in sickness and death, every day's experience gives us increased assurance of the safety of the temperate and prudent, who are in circumstances of comfort....The disease is now, more than before, rioting in the haunts of infamy and pollution." Today, few would blame the current epidemic on its victims; at the same time, not many are willing to trace a chain of causes that, honestly studied, will be seen as reaching close to home. The historically rooted imbalance in North-South economic relationships is one such cause. The reversal in the 1980s of reasonably large-minded development policies that accepted state and societal responsibility for improvements in health, education, nutrition, and sanitation among all sectors of the population is another. These are among the "collective goods" that, as John Paul II wrote in his May 1 encyclical, *Centesimus annus*, "cannot be safeguarded simply by market forces."

There is irony in the timing of the cholera epidemic, coming as it did in the midst of the formulation of President George Bush's New World Order and on the eve of its success in the Gulf War. Addressing Congress on September 11, 1990, the president defined this new order as "a new era, freer from the threat of terror, stronger in the pursuit of justice, and more secure in the quest for peace." The U.S. and its allies spent $50 billion

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for Desert Shield and Desert Storm for the defensible purpose of punishing aggression and the less satisfying goal of restoring the Emir of Kuwait to power. The U.S. can find only $10 million in already programmed aid funds to confront the cholera epidemic in Peru. Whether or not the pope had the situation in Peru specifically in mind in the preparation of *Centesimus annus*, one of his warnings applies with full force to the epidemic: "In the developing countries, tragic crises loom on the horizon unless internationally coordinated measures are taken before it is too late."

KENNETH P. JAMESON

Kenneth P. Jameson is professor and chair of the Department of Economics at the University of Utah.

THE LAWLESS ROAD IN PERU

MISSIONARIES AS TARGETS

At first the death threats are infrequent. An anonymous call one month. An unsigned letter two months later. But if the warnings are not heeded, they begin to arrive every week. Then every day.

By then it's hard to take. There is nowhere to hide, no one to blame. Even the bravest begin to show stress. The terror is not knowing. What is the warning *about*? Have I really done something wrong? Are they just trying to scare me, or do they really want to kill me?

Am I ready to die?

Many of these death threats come from Peru's Maoist guerrilla group, the Shining Path, though many Peruvians claim that members of the police or army or other security forces also issue threats. Human rights organizations say that the security forces are responsible for about half of the more than 3,700 deaths from political violence since 1990. The Shining Path is responsible for the rest.

The Shining Path's ultimate goal is not nearly as clear as the amount of suffering it has inflicted upon Peru in the name of revolution since taking up arms in 1980. Some say they are fighting to establish an agrarian-based utopian state after overthrowing the government. And yet many of their victims have been *campesino* farmers. The Shining Path has such a maniacal obsession with secrecy and with the swift elimination of critics that discussion of motives and goals must be highly hypothetical.

The victims of political violence have included children, mothers, union leaders, community organizers, police, soldiers, generals, businessmen, teachers, foreign aid workers, tourists, and every other group imaginable.

And now the list extends to Catholic priests and nuns, especially foreign-born missionaries, who make up more than two-thirds of the total number of Catholic clergy and religious in Peru. Protestants, Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, and other missionary groups have also been attacked.

Before this year, the Catholic church was the only organization in many regions of the country that had not yet been attacked or scared off. More than 90 percent of all Peruvians are Catholic.

The strength of the Shining Path in Peru's emergency zones—where nearly 60 percent of the population lives—has become so great that the government has suspended many constitutional rights and placed military commanders in charge. In most towns in these areas there are no development workers, bankers, businessmen, doctors, teachers, or even police. But there are probably priests and nuns.

Threats against the Catholic clergy are not new. They have been warned by the Shining Path not to become too involved in community organizing, which the guerrillas consider a threat to their revolution. But it seemed there was a tacit agreement that the missionaries themselves would not suffer violence. In the past year, that has changed. So far, at least six Catholic missionaries have died at their hands. Five of them in the past year. Four in the past five months.

Late in August, thousands of parishioners came to Lima's 450-year-old cathedral to attend a memorial service for Father Alessandro Giuseppe Dordi, an Italian missionary who had served some thirty remote rural towns as their only priest for eleven years. For most of these desperately poor people, Dordi was probably their only link to the Catholic church.

Dordi was the third foreign-born missionary priest to be killed during the first three weeks of August in the diocese of Chimbote, 250 miles north of Lima. He was shot three times in the face while returning to his home after celebrating Mass in another town.

Two weeks before Dordi's murder, the Shining Path killed two Polish Franciscans, Michel Tomaszek and Zbigniew Strzalkowski, along with a mayor. The priests had been working in the town of Pariacoto in the diocese of Chimbote. The guerrillas also dynamited the town's church. A threat to Chimbote's Bishop Luis Bambaren told him that four foreign missionaries would be killed if he did not resign his office.

Two days after the Dordi memorial service a bomb went off in a trash bin outside Lima's cathedral, killing a street vendor and leaving seven others writhing on the ground in pain.

In May, Irene McCormack, a Sister of St. Joseph from Sydney, Australia, was shot execution-style in the back of the head along with four others in the main square of Huasahuasi, 160 miles northeast of Lima. The villagers had begged for her life before a fifteen-year-old Shining Path guerrilla killed her.

A day's drive from Sister McCormack's grave, nearly a year ago, another Shining Path teen-ager killed Sister Augustina Rios, a Peruvian member of the Good Shepherd Congregation, after making her watch the execution of six others in the town square of La Florida [*Commonweal*, January 11, 1991].

The Shining Path often use minors to give the *coup de grace* because they are punished less severely than adults, or simply let free. One such youthful assassin, Gregorio Mitma, was ordered released from custody in 1988 even though he had confessed to killing Father Victor Acuna Cardenas by shooting him in the back as he celebrated Mass the year before. (Cardenas was the first Catholic priest killed by the guerrillas, but his murder is regarded as an isolated incident, antedating the current wave

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John Cavadini

Rio Grande

When you cross the bridge
They stop you and open up your
Bags. They are looking for statues
Of Jesus bleeding. For these they
Will look in your pockets and even
Scrutinize your underarms and
Hold your packaged underwear to lights.
There are special Dogs.
On this side of the bridge
Jesus is not allowed to bleed.
It has been thought Unnecessary,
And therefore all His wounds
Have been plugged up. The
Green river can flow
If something must flow,
But we say, Bleed there—
Where it smells more, and
All flesh can see it together,
In the street where all flesh is.
They talk more there, anyway,
And so will overlook some slight
Incontinence
Of blood—

of threats and killings.)

Father Vincent Gianni—not his real name—is not yet a victim. But he cannot sleep at night when he hears the neighborhood dogs barking. After months of death threats, the barking may be an alarm signal: the Shining Path have finally come for him.

For nearly a year now, Gianni has moved from one place to another every week or so; he thinks that staying longer will make him an easier target. Many of his friends don't even know that he has been threatened. He doesn't want to worry them or to let the Shining Path know that he has been talking about their threats.

"I have been told to leave the country or be killed. I can't leave," he says.

Gianni has worked in Peru as a missionary for more than twenty years. When he visits his former home in Europe, he finds he has less and less to say to the friends he knew before coming to Peru. "My life and my friends are here now. This is my home."

The anonymous callers and letter-writers have accused Gianni of consorting with the rich, being insensitive to the poor in his community, taking for himself donations intended for the poor, of being an imperialist; charges typical of the Shining Path, but which none of his many friends would support. In his former parish in an exceptionally poor region south of Lima he was very popular—parishioners celebrated his birthday every year with the kind of fervor Peruvians show only for the most beloved.

But Gianni is plagued by doubt. He has reviewed old parish records. He has tried to find some flaw, something to explain how anyone could hate him enough to want to kill him. "There is so much hate in the phone calls and letters," he says. "I don't understand it."

Some missionaries in the Chimbote diocese have asked to be transferred to somewhere safer. But there may be no safe haven. Missionary groups all over Peru have been receiving more threats than ever before. The fear is that the Shining Path will be able to drive out the missionaries for good.

"One more shot and there will be a stampede [of foreign missionaries] out of here," said Gianni.

He doesn't want to be one of them. TOM VOGEL, JR.

Tom Vogel, Jr. is a free-lance journalist who has just returned from a three-year stay in Peru. He is currently a graduate student at the Columbia University School of Journalism.

MEXICO'S NEW POLITICS

BUILDING SEWERS, REAPING VOTES

Because the corn pancake we know as the *tortilla* is so important to them, Mexicans have some twenty separate words to identify it. Similarly, when poor Mexicans—40 million of them, nearly half the population—speak of the impact of government on their lives, they use dozens of metaphoric synonyms. Among the politer terms in an often vulgar lexicon are *perdidos* (lost), *olvidados* (forgotten), and *manipulados* (manipulated). These are people who lack adequate housing and health care, finish only a couple of grades of school, and often enough go to bed at night still hungry. With ample justification, they are skeptical—to speak mildly—of politicians.

Whether out of political shrewdness or social vision, or both, President Carlos Salinas de Gortari wants to change this state of affairs. Even as he champions a free trade agreement with the U.S. and Canada, he has launched a local war on poverty aimed, he says, at uplifting Mexico's downtrodden and disillusioned. Politically, the effort paid rich electoral dividends as Salinas's ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) maintained its dominance of the Congress in the August 18 national elections while capturing five of the six governorships that were up for grabs. (At first the PRI claimed all six, but in one case the PRI candidate gave up his office in unprecedented deference to well-founded claims of vote fraud. Except for this instance and one other, observers generally consider the election the cleanest in Mexico's history.)

Centerpiece of the antipoverty initiative is the National Solidarity Program (PRONASOL), commonly known as "Solidarity," which Salinas launched on taking office late in

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1988. The idea owes something to research the president, now forty-three, did in fly-specked Mexican villages while preparing his Harvard doctoral thesis in the mid-1970s, analyzing the link between public spending and political support. His research convinced him that social give-away programs imposed from Mexico City generated little long-term backing for the regime if local leaders acquired no stake in the program and if they and their people neither participated in deciding their needs nor made any contribution of their own to the accomplishment of desired goals.

Accordingly, the government focuses especially on areas of political weakness as it searches for beneficiaries. But a community eager for development can contact PRONASOL directly. The agency then dispatches a representative to an assembly open to all local residents. Eventually the people elect a board of directors, set their priorities, and decide whether they will match the government's contribution to, say, an irrigation system, either with pesos or with their own labor—"sweat capital." Once, coordinator Benito A. Collantes Martinez told me, the decision whether an Indian village in faraway Oaxaca state needed a clinic, a school, or a paved road was made by "desk-bound bureaucrats in Mexico City." Now, "local folks determine not only what they need most but how they will get it."

From his research, Salinas reasoned that grass-roots leadership "has been neglected as a policy instrument that enhances the efficiency of public works and augments support for the system." Indeed, paternalistic programs sparked contempt for outside authorities, who often misused or pocketed funds appropriated for development projects. To avoid these rake-offs, Solidarity officials often work directly with community leaders, bypassing state governors and local PRI bigwigs. Solidarity also teaches local whistle-blowers how to ferret out waste in budgets.

And unlike President George Bush, whose nebulous "thousand points of light" relies on volunteerism, Salinas has lavished public money and personal energy on Solidarity. Outlays rose from $300 million in 1989 to a budgeted $1.67 billion in 1991. Salinas himself has become a perpetual motion machine as he scurries by plane, helicopter, and car to inaugurate PRONASOL projects, sometimes several in a day.

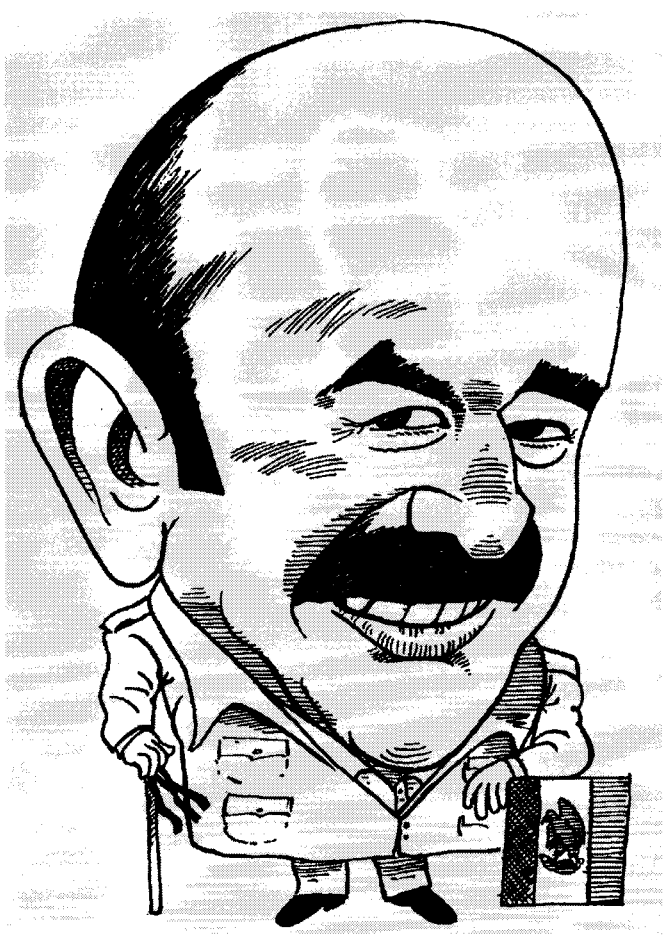
The government says the program has brought electricity to 5 million people, telephone service to 3,000 rural towns, and medical care to 1.4 million peasants and shantytown dwellers.

Solidarity's showcase and biggest challenge has been Chalco, a valley just outside Mexico City that was once a lake and where 500,000 people now live in fetid slums, refugees from the countryside who came to the capital to find work. Formerly embracing somber warrens of mostly hopeless people, the valley now buzzes with activity. Forty-three tank trucks dodge many dogs and crater-sized potholes as they supply potable water to homes and stores. Young workmen, some sporting faded "LA Dodgers" caps in homage to pitcher Fernando Valenzuela, dig drainage ditches. Carpenters and masons hustle to complete cinder-block schools. And privately owned buses ferry people twenty miles or more to the nearest metro stop so that they can get to city jobs.

One Chalco resident, Señora Mariana Gutierrez, fifty-four, a Guanajuato native and mother of twelve, was vague on Solidarity's workings. But before it came to Chalco, she said, "the transportation service was horrible and we had no light, no water...no nothing." She and her twelve-year-old daughter, Rosalba, were on their way to buy milk from one of the many stores that have opened now that the valley has electricity. Asked who was responsible for the improvements, Rosalba had a ready answer: "the government and the PRI"—underlining the payoff that the supposedly apolitical program has brought to the ruling party.

Salomon Robles, a sixty-five-year-old part-time watchman from Oaxaca who picked fruit in Idaho and Washington State during World War II, sounded like one of the many Solidarity TV commercials when asked about the program. "We work together in groups to open roads. Together, we work faster....it's revolutionary," he gushed. Was politics involved? "Yes, sir," he said, "there's a lot of politics."

The ruling party's gains from the program are no accident. Party activists have splashed PRI slogans on walls alongside those of Solidarity. During the run-up for the August elections, slick PRI commercials sometimes followed equally professional Solidarity ads. And local PRI bosses, even those frozen out of the distribution of funds, share the dais with indigenous leaders when Salinas hands over deeds to gap-toothed *campesinos* or christens a school, clinic, road, or bridge. In the elections, a half-dozen key Solidarity figures won senate seats, possible stepping stones to governorships. Whereas in the 1988 presidential



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elections the PRI took a drubbing in Chalco, it scored a 60-percent-plus triumph in municipal elections last November, and its candidates scored notable victories in August as well. It didn't hurt the party's standing that Salinas brought Pope John Paul II to Chalco in May 1990 to offer Mass and bless Solidarity.

A poll published in July by the highly respected *Este País* magazine found that both Solidarity and Salinas enjoyed a 62 percent approval rating among Mexicans, with fewer than 17 percent registering negative views of either. By way of contrast, the PRI's approval rating was only 49.1 percent. In the election, however, the party benefited from its ties to Salinas and Solidarity, garnering 61.4 percent of the vote as compared with 17.7 percent for the center-right National Action Party (PAN) and 8.3 percent for the leftist-populist Democratic Revolutionary Party (PRD). (Smaller parties shared the remaining fraction of votes.)

Luis H. Alvarez, president of PAN, applauds "the inspiration of the program," but decries PRONASOL as a power grab from Mexico City that weakens the clout of locally elected officials. Other detractors excoriate Solidarity as "opportunistic," "populistic," and a PRI "electoral gimmick" that will vanish like the Aztecs when Salinas leaves office in December 1994. Previous grassroots development schemes have indeed disappeared once their presidential advocates returned to private life. And the shellacking that the leftist opposition, the PRD, took in this year's balloting reduces the government's incentive to propitiate voters in villages and shantytowns where the PRD ran strongly three years ago.

But there are factors that give Solidarity a 50-50 chance of surviving beyond Salinas's term, provided it avoids the double whammy of hyper-corruption and overpoliticization. First, the program enjoys robust support in the business sector, because it is financed with real money rather than pesos churned out by a smoking printing press. Among direct beneficiaries, thousands of local Solidarity committees, made up mostly of women, have sprung up like mushrooms; they will lobby hard to preserve an initiative that is bringing drinking water, electricity, schools, hospitals, and other services to depressed areas.

Finally, Salinas will doubtless use his power in the choice of his successor to pick a leader who knows that the state must build bridges to "the other Mexico" where people eke out a living at the base of a squat social pyramid. It remains to be seen whether the next president, like Salinas, will encourage truly decentralized decision making in a political system known for top-down, authoritarian control. It has to be acknowledged that what has been accomplished thus far, however heartening, constitutes a bare beginning toward the achievement of a measure of social justice in Mexico. But if Solidarity continues to flourish while retaining its stress on bootstrap activism, such infrequently heard terms as *justicia, oportunidad*, and *esperanza* (hope) may reappear in the vocabulary of impoverished Mexicans, who traditionally have regarded the government with a mixture of distrust, disdain, and dread.

GEORGE W. GRAYSON

George W. Grayson is professor of government at the College of William and Mary. His latest book is Prospects for Mexican Democracy, *published last year by Transaction.*

SCREEN

IRISH SOUL

'THE COMMITMENTS'

The unique value of documentary is in its rawness. The lightweight, mobile camera, our surrogate eye, captures something that was not created for the camera but that the camera makes ours forever. (I speak of documentaries that take life on the wing, not extended photo-opportunities like Madonna's *Truth or Dare* or documentary-meditations like Marcel Ophuls's great films.) The radiance on the face of the rescued child's mother, the panic in the eyes of the politician caught in a lie, the gesture of disgust from a convict denied parole, are pieces of life on their way to oblivion but for the intervention of the Arriflex or the Steadicam. While fictional moviemakers, like novelists and playwrights, pillage life for whatever their art can use, then break and twist and reshape life's raw materials to serve the central ideas of their movies, documentarians are beggars: they wait at the back door of life, take what they get, and make the best of it. And when they do make the best of it, the results are more immediately vivid than all the best works of the fictionists. The fictionists strive for wisdom and magic. The documentarians give us vitality.

Now *The Commitments* is anything but a documentary. It is a completely fictional, thoroughly staged movie about a bunch of Dublin working-class (but out of work) kids who get together to play American soul music. In fact, the march of events in the story—the inspiration to form the band, auditions, ragged rehearsals, company strife, discouraging debut, revitalized rehearsals, pressures from local gangsters, successful performances and, finally, the Big Break—is formulaic to the point of corniness. A scene like the one in which the company's most attractive back-up singer abandons the group for a family vacation only to repent and return just in time for the Big Break belongs in a Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney movie of the 1930s.

But director Alan Parker has pulled off a neat trick. He has vitalized his familiar story with the texture of documentary. His overall plot may be predictable but individual scenes seem to be heading just where life wants to take them. His story is cooked, even overcooked, but the life that flows around and through it is raw.

Foremost among the vitalizing elements is the music itself. The cast (mostly musicians who can act mixed with a few actors who can play) is clearly possessed by the music. This is a much more important fact than whether you or I enjoy the sound of soul because what we are mainly responding to isn't the music itself but the expressions on the faces of the players as the music finally takes hold of them, and the swaying and shaking of their bodies as the music flows through them. We seem to see the kids at the very moment of their discovery of their new powers.

But that is not the only discovery through music. This film conveys what a *A Hard Day's Night* did and Robert Altman's

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Nashville didn't: a sense of what the music means to its audience. In the Richard Lester movie, the Beatles brought a new feeling of freedom and sexual lyricism to middle-class British girls who wailed and wept with delight. We laughed at them but our laughter was tender. But the equivalent scenes in the Parker movie, when the Commitments play for free in church halls and youth clubs, are even more poignant because they have a tinge of desperation. When we look at these Irish audiences—a woman with a face bloated by poor nutrition and reddened by drink, a little boy so excited by the music that he has to crawl over the amplification equipment—we feel that no matter how much TV they have access to, nothing could awaken these people but a live performance played *only for them*. There's no chance of these people falling into the aisles as the Beatle worshipers did, but at times they seem capable of storming the stage and eating the performers. They applaud the Commitments with fierce joy but they laugh at their mistakes, too, and taunt them. The laughter and taunts aren't divisible from the joy: they have discovered something that is theirs and they will do with it what they will.

The volatility isn't confined to the concert scenes. Dublin itself quickens the movie. The very first shot of the film shows us an outdoor market in which horses are tethered next to tables stacked with TV sets. That one juxtaposition speaks volumes about the coexistence of past centuries within this century of Irish life. So does the photograph of Elvis placed just above one of Pope John on a knick-knack table in a working-class living room. And a Procol Harum number played on a church organ between Masses. And a little boy leading his horse into a building's elevator because the tired beast can't mount the stairs.

Not all of this movie's vibrancy comes from verisimilitude and not all of the filmmaking smacks of documentary. Many scenes are artfully shaped so as to achieve a comic effect that I would call the Bathetic Sublime. This comic method, which reached its peak in certain Italian comedies of the fifties and sixties like *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, consists of setting up big dramatic moments and then instantly deflating them. For instance, when Jimmy, the group's manager-promoter, says he's come up with the name of the band, the musicians obligingly quiet down for the big announcement. But Parker then insouciantly cuts away to another scene before Jimmy can get the name out. By the time we get back to the boys, the announcement has already been made and the musicians are looking at each other dumbfounded. "The Commitments!? What does *that* mean!?" The very destiny of the band is touched by the Bathetic Sublime: the kids live up to their Big Break by giving their best performance for an audience that is supposed to include the American soul singer Wilson Pickett. The performance scores—but Wilson Pickett doesn't show.

The real point of *The Commitments* is found in the rowdy behavior of the young people which grows out of the hectic street life that surrounds them. This rowdiness (quarrels, sexual horseplay, drinking, gluttony, out and out violence) is channeled into the music as the kids evolve their own brand of soul music. But this same rowdiness is destructive. It leads to musicians quitting, rehearsals being disrupted, performances getting

unhinged, and, ultimately, the dissolution of the group. So disgusted that he finally disowns his own troupe, Jimmy turns to a fellow entrepreneur and asks, "Is everyone in rock 'n' roll an asshole?" Judging by all we've seen in the movie, the answer might well be this: Yes, Jimmy, some arts are fueled by hostility and, though the hostility can be channeled into art, art can't always confine and control the hostility. Finally, the muck of life can clog the wheels of art. I can't imagine the lively Jimmy sitting still for an answer like that, but it's one way to express a problem that engaged Thomas Mann for 510 turbid pages of his novel, *Doctor Faustus*, and that has here been breezily dramatized in a movie that is as clear and impudent as a shout in the street.

RICHARD ALLEVA

STAGE

GETTING INTO THE ACT

'SINGAPORE' & 'ROT IN HELL'

The obvious popularity of both *Song of Singapore* and *Penn & Teller Rot in Hell* makes one wonder whether or not there are two off-Broadway audiences—one for nostalgic camp and one for aggression comedy—or whether there is just one that wants to get into the act. *Song of Singapore* is the name of an expensively redecorated space on Irving Place; of a nightclub, *circa* 1941, which is the setting of the show; and of the revue-melodrama that takes place there. It is put together by a platoon of creators, three of whom (Erik Frandsen, Robert Hipkens, and Michael Garin) are playing in it, in both senses of the verb—acting and performing on musical instruments. The performers—in the club, not the show—are a multinational gathering of drifters and losers like those who regularly turned up in South Sea movies of the 1930s and 1940s. There are allusions to familiar films of the period—*Casablanca*, for instance—but the show is more generic than specific. The plot is a farrago of missing jewels, corrupt colonial police, and a singer who can remember nothing

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except the lyrics of her songs. It threads its way through the night-club show numbers that have a nice forties' feel to them and that are performed by a band that is a great deal more talented than one that might have washed ashore in the supposedly sleazy setting. Actually, since the Song of Singapore is both a real and a fictional club, it is more affluent looking than the circumstances call for. At the end of the show, the performers move out through the audience as the characters escape Singapore before the Japanese arrive. The young couple sharing my table clearly did not know that the invading Japanese came down the peninsula on bicycles; so they took an allusion to that bit of history simply as a joke, which was proper since the fall of Singapore is not to be taken any more seriously here than the melodrama. This is not *Privates on Parade*, in which real bullets stop the musical review. This is entertainment, plain and simple. A final line about the characters' flying to safety at Pearl Harbor got an uncomplicated laugh from the audience.

The musical numbers in *Song of Singapore* are both lively and clever and the parody plot is amiably outrageous, but the appeal of the show lies in its setting. The audience, who can come early for food and drink, are in fact the night-club patrons the show asks them to be, and there is recorded forties' music for their dancing pleasure before and after the show and during intermission. Members of the cast and the costumed staff lure reluctant customers to the dance floor on occasion, but by the time the show is over the floor fills whenever there is a break in the proceedings. On the night I was there, a chubby enthusiast bounced in her chair expectantly, eager to get the plot out of the way so that she could get back to her feet. Her excitement is the best indication of the kind of fun-and-games going with *Song of Singapore* at the Song of Singapore.

Penn & Teller, like more conventional magicians, call on volunteers from the audience and, although it is better than even money that they will get the rough edge of Penn Jillette's tongue followed by his more abrasive apologies, the audience is full of willing victims. *Rot in Hell*, a new show apparently full of familiar Penn & Teller material, was the first of the team's productions I have seen in the theater, but I had the feeling that I was surrounded by Penn & Teller groupies of all ages. The ones that made it to the stage seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

The comic appeal of Penn & Teller presumably lies in the personae they assume and in the whisper of nastiness that underlies much of the show. Penn is a very big man, a nonstop talker, bad-mouthing the audience, professional magicians, and fake psychics (he would say all are fakes). Teller is a small man with a befuddled look who seldom speaks and who is constantly menaced by the dangerous looking devices in their acts. In the final number, "King of Animal Traps," in which Penn describes his youthful passion for collecting lethal traps while the dexterous Teller plays in and out of the jaws of those on exhibit, the concluding bit is a snapping bear trap that punctures a fake arm and shoots stage blood at the audience. I never figured out whether the attraction in this number—and in the whole show—lay in the possibility of blood or the audience's certainty that Teller was only in illusionary danger.

The team has a nicely ambivalent approach to magic. Their stock-in-trade is to perform familiar routines, exposing the trick of the tricks in the process, but they also do tricks—for instance, a couple of variations on Harry Houdini, whom they admire as a fellow psychic-buster—in which they mystify the audience in the best tradition of stage magic. There is fun in their mockery of the portentousness of the standard magician, but I suspect that audiences really want to be baffled and that they like all that old-fashioned nonsense of rabbit-filled top hats, cloaks full of plastic flowers, and unending strings of knotted handkerchiefs. I know that I do, although I like my magic in very small doses. I would also prefer Penn & Teller at less length. With a show half as extended as *Rot in Hell*, I could admire Penn's power of verbal obfuscation and Teller's use of silence as a disarming device without being worn down by the essential sameness of the very different numbers. Not so with my fellow playgoers, I think; the more acts, the better the chance to get into one.

GERALD WEALES

MEDIA

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

MILES DAVIS, R.I.P.

I'm writing this on September 29, 1991. The morning paper says that Miles Davis died last night. There are going to be retrospectives and memorials about Miles up the hoo-haw. Jazz critics, including, I hope, the immensely gifted Gary Giddins, are going to assess his astonishing career, and his almost unprecedented influence on the course of American music—-that's jazz music (of which rock is a part). Jazz, for a lot of us, is The Only Music That Matters. And anybody who ever knew Miles—he knew a lot of people, and he managed to hurt almost all of them—is going to be able to dine out on anecdotes about the Prince of Darkness (yeah, they really called him that) for years to come. So what do I—who never met the man, who never played trumpet (tenor saxophone is what *I* failed at), and who didn't really much care for the stuff he played for the last fifteen years of his life—what do I have to add to the mourners' chorus?

I'm not sure. I'm only sure that mourn I must, and that aloud.

He was sixty-five when he died, and given the lifestyle he records, with brutal honesty, in his 1989 autobiography, that itself is miraculous. (As somebody once said about Jerry Lee Lewis, "Anytime he takes the stage, it's a comeback.") If you trust the jazz grapevine, and it's *much* more reliable than, say, a presidential press conference, he was not very loved, but widely, deeply, feared and—is this a word?—*awed*. His whispered, monosyllabic cruelties have been legend for two decades. As in: an out-of-work player sees Miles on the street and says, "Hey, Miles, can you get me a gig?" Sneers Miles: "Doin' *what*?" LIVE/EVIL

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one of his jazz/rock fusion albums was entitled, and that encapsulates the mystique of the man. If jazz had never seen anything quite like his crossover celebrity in the seventies and eighties, it had certainly never seen anything quite like his threatening, chilling, and absolutely unignorable persona. There had been Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and—still alive, thank God—Dizzy Gillespie, all of them (whatever their hidden scars from racist America) radiant ambassadors of goodwill and incarnations of the pure joy of making music. And Miles was yin to their yang. The State Department send *Miles* on a tour of what used to be the USSR? Not bloody likely. He is the closest jazz has come to the thrillingly satanic figure of Liszt in the nineteenth century. I have no doubt that within the year some dummies, somewhere, will start a cult.

And it's all so off the point. Listen to him, anytime in his long career: with the transcendent Charlie Parker in the forties, with Gerry Mulligan in the late forties, when he virtually invented "cool" jazz, with John Coltrane in the fifties and sixties when he virtually invented "hard bop," or even in the seventies and eighties with his electronic groups, and you hear—music historians and liner-note-hype notwithstanding—essentially the *same* Miles Davis.

I know: heresy. Just like saying that the Norman Mailer of *The Naked and the Dead* is the same Norman Mailer we hear in *Harlot's Ghost*. It just happens to be the case.

When he began playing, in the first great post-World War II explosion of bebop, jazz trumpet was dominated by the stunning, high-register, lickety-split pyrotechnics of Gillespie. And Miles—this is part of the secret of his genius—didn't have the chops. He *couldn't* play like Diz, so—first haltingly and then with growing and finally angelic authority—he developed a language of his own for trumpet.

And it was a language—now you have to forget all the "Prince of Darkness" stuff I just told you—of heartbreaking plangency and lyricism. Middle range, middle volume or softer (did anybody before Miles know that muted trumpet was an entirely different horn?) and even at fast tempos reflective, musing, as self-conscious as James Joyce on his best day in the week. At his best—and there was/is a lot of that—he made you feel that you were listening to a brilliant conversationalist thread his way through an elegant, impromptu argument: How does this idea go with what I said before? How can I best bring these two ideas into congruence? How can I bring it all round into something that made sense as a whole? Like I say: *listen*.

And his celebrated "innovations" never really touched that core. He changed his "image," he changed his musical surroundings—like Mailer, apparently driven by some demon who absolutely forbade his repeating himself—but, in a heroic kind of way, he never *changed*, not even in his last and most successful years when, for my money, he aligned himself with schlockmeister players with electrified horns. Once in a while, even in those days—I saw him live for the first time last May—he would blow a flurry of notes or work through a ballad—like Cyndi Lauper's "Time after Time"—and there he was again: Miles. God knows how many players, from the tragic Chet Baker to the overrated Wynton Marsalis, picked up on that gorgeous and

sad voice. And none of them ever got it quite the same.

But that's not the point, either. He made righteous music, music that made you proud to be a human being, music that, if *this* wasn't a proof of the existence of God, then we might as well trash the concept. And he was, off the stand and out of the recording studio, a very scary, wrong guy. But that's not the point. Maybe this is the point:

America has produced one imperishable and absolutely original art form, and it's called jazz, and its essential creators have always been African Americans, and because of that it has never, in the establishment or the academy, achieved the recognition and veneration that are its due. And Miles knew that, and *refused* to stop being angry about it.

Or maybe *this* is the point:

I was raised racist. Really. And at age twelve (I'd seen *The Glenn Miller Story*) decided I wanted to learn tenor sax. And started, at my teacher's urging, listening to guys with names like Charlie Parker and Coleman Hawkins and Miles Davis and Erroll Garner. This was Louisville, Kentucky, in the fifties, and I got their records from a mail-order house that sent them out in plain, flimsy wrappers, no photos. I'd never heard anything like it. These guys were doing things—I didn't know much about music—but these guys were doing things that stunned and frightened me and took me places inside my head that, I didn't even know those places had *been* there. Naturally, I assumed they were all guys who looked like Spencer Tracy. And then one day—this is strictly true—I went to the local public library and, for the hell of it, took out a book on jazz to see what my heroes looked like.

And they were *niggers*.

I use that most hateful of words because, when I saw the photo of Charlie Parker and Miles Davis together, that was the word that came into my head, and as it came in my head I knew that something was terribly wrong with it. Okay, wrong with *me*. That word, and all the psychic baggage behind it, weighed against my memory of Bird and Miles playing, and my—not conviction, but knowledge, the way you *know* it's raining outside—that these were great souls whose mere presence on the planet was a blessing.

Everything about how I saw the world changed. Forever.

FRANK McCONNELL

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What Barth does best

HOW TO READ KARL BARTH
The Shape of His Theology
George Hunsinger
Oxford University Press, $32.50, 298 pp.

Garrett Green

If there are prizes for how-to books, George Hunsinger's should win the *chutzpah* category hands down. Getting Americans to read any theologian, let alone one who writes in long Germanic sentences interspersed with untranslated Greek and Latin quotations, is surely a quixotic undertaking. Karl Barth, unquestionably the most important Protestant theologian of the twentieth century, left behind thirteen volumes of *Church Dogmatics* when he died in 1968. And that monumental work represents only a small proportion of his prodigious literary output. "Had he not been a theologian," Hans Frei once commented about Barth, "he would have been more widely recognized as one of the towering minds of the twentieth century." More than anyone else writing in English, Frei was responsible for rescuing Barth's reputation from the vacuous and misleading label "neo-orthodoxy" that unsympathetic reviewers attached to his earliest writings. So it is that Hunsinger, a professor at Bangor Theological Seminary, dedicates his book to the memory of Frei, who taught generations of Yale students how to read Karl Barth without the distortions either of his many detractors or of the "array of residual Barthians" who claimed to be his authorized interpreters after the demise of "neo-orthodoxy" in the radicalism of the 1960s.

Its title notwithstanding, *How to Read Karl Barth* is addressed primarily to scholars and theological professionals already convinced that Barth is worth the time and effort to read seriously. In the prologue Hunsinger sets his interpretation of Barth in context by reviewing the works of five previous interpreters. It is significant that the first of these, Hans Urs von Balthasar, was one of this century's leading Roman Catholic theologians. Late in life Barth, who always maintained a lively interest in Catholic theology, visited Rome during the Vatican Council II and conferred with a number of church leaders including Pope Paul VI. He also remarked that the *Church Dogmatics* was studied more intensively by Catholic theologians than by his fellow Protestants.

But the main focus of Hunsinger's book is neither historical influences nor previous interpretations but rather the text of the *Church Dogmatics* itself. Instead of attempting a summary or paraphrase (already available in Geoffrey W. Bomiley's *Introduction to the Theology of Karl Barth*), Hunsinger gives us a conceptual map of Barth's thought, structured around six motifs: actualism, particularism, objectivism, personalism, realism, and rationalism. Though not explicitly invoked as principles by Barth, these underlying features of his theology nevertheless constitute its definitive pattern or characteristic shape. Hunsinger is particularly effective in showing how Barth's dogmatics can manifest so stunning a coherence while eschewing the label "systematic theology." He "thought systematically about the subject matter of theology," Hunsinger writes, "but he did not think in terms of a system." For Barth, theology is the human attempt to articulate the *ratio fidei*, the "human logic of the divine Logos," as he expressed it in the lectures he gave on his one visit to the United States near the end of his career. Hunsinger compares the resulting conceptual whole to a Gothic cathedral and a many-faceted crystal, both images that combine unity and beauty without the implications of philosophical systematizing.

The first motif, actualism, means that Barth conceives of truth as an event rather than a static proposition or conceptual abstraction. The closely related motif of particularism emphasizes that God's truth takes place in uniquely particular ways that always elude every analogy to our prior experience. For Barth, the particular always takes precedence over the general and—to the continuing frustration of students of his thought—the possibility of God's revelation can be known only from its actuality. The third motif, objectivism, separates Barth from all those theologians (including most of the other modern giants of the field) who want to ground theology in immediate experience. Both our knowledge of God and our salvation in Christ have their basis not in human subjectivity but in God's objective revelation. The motif of personalism emphasizes that this revelation encounters us not as abstract doc-

> *Barth's theology in the* Church Dogmatics *could be compared to the cathedral at Chartres. Once one's eyes get used to the light, one discovers that one is inside an awesome and many-splendored structure, soaring with vaulted arches, arrayed with intricate passageways, adorned with exquisite statuary, and crowned above all by rose windows dancing with fire. The problem, then, is for one's eyes to get used to the light. But once they do, no other architecture, no other theology, is likely to be quite the same.*
> —George Hunsinger, *How to Read Karl Barth*

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trine but always in the form of personal address.

The last two motifs Hunsinger calls foundational. The motif of realism describes Barth's view of theological language. Though a lifelong opponent of the "analogy of being," which he took to be the common error of both classical Roman Catholic and modern Protestant dogmatics, Barth always insisted that theological language is neither literal nor equivocal but grounded in the biblical "analogy of faith." The final motif, rationalism, is Hunsinger's way of stressing that for Barth there is "no knowledge without faith" but likewise "no faith without knowledge." Rational reflection is the necessary mode of theology.

There is irony, perhaps, in the fact that the most powerful passages in *How to Read Karl Barth* are quotations from Barth's own prose—though it is to Hunsinger's credit that he is willing to step back and let Barth speak in his own voice. That voice is all the more forceful due to Hunsinger's judicious revision of the published translation of the *Church Dogmatics* in many of his quotations. Most readers of Barth in English would be astonished to learn that he was once awarded the Sigmund Freud Prize for the eloquence of his prose. As grateful as we must be for the prodigious work of the translators, Barth will not truly speak English with an eloquence and clarity matching his German without the aid of future translators. The *Church Dogmatics* in English is marred not only by infelicitous and sometimes erroneous diction but also by the occasional omission of entire passages. Whereas Barth made his own modern German translations of the biblical passages he cited, the translators substituted the venerable but inadequate English of the King James Version, giving Barth's English a misleadingly archaic flavor. In view of Hunsinger's fine sensitivity to Barth's language, one wonder's why, without comment or justification, he has followed current academic fashion by avoiding all personal pronouns for God in his own prose—a practice surely at odds with Barth's stress on the concrete particularity of God's revelation of himself in the unique person of Jesus Christ. The book is saved from the inevitable abstraction occasioned by this practice only by Hunsinger's generous use of quotations from Barth, whose highly personal, particular, and—yes—gender-specific language he fortunately has not "revised."

How to Read Karl Barth, odd as it may strike us at first glance, is just the right title for this book, and for our time. As our libraries, our journals, and our college and seminary courses fill up with "special-interest" theologies (theology of this, theology of that), even sophisticated readers among us need to be taught once again how to read a theologian whose first priority is really theology. In Karl Barth we see a churchman engaged in the great political and ecclesiastical events of his day: he was

REVIEWERS

GARRETT GREEN, *author of* Imagining God: Theology and the Religious Imagination *(Harper), chairs the Religious Studies Department at Connecticut College.*

PAUL E. BUDDE *is assistant professor of mathematics at Siena Heights College in Adrian, Michigan.*

JOHN C. CORT *is a Boston-area writer and frequent contributor to* Commonweal.

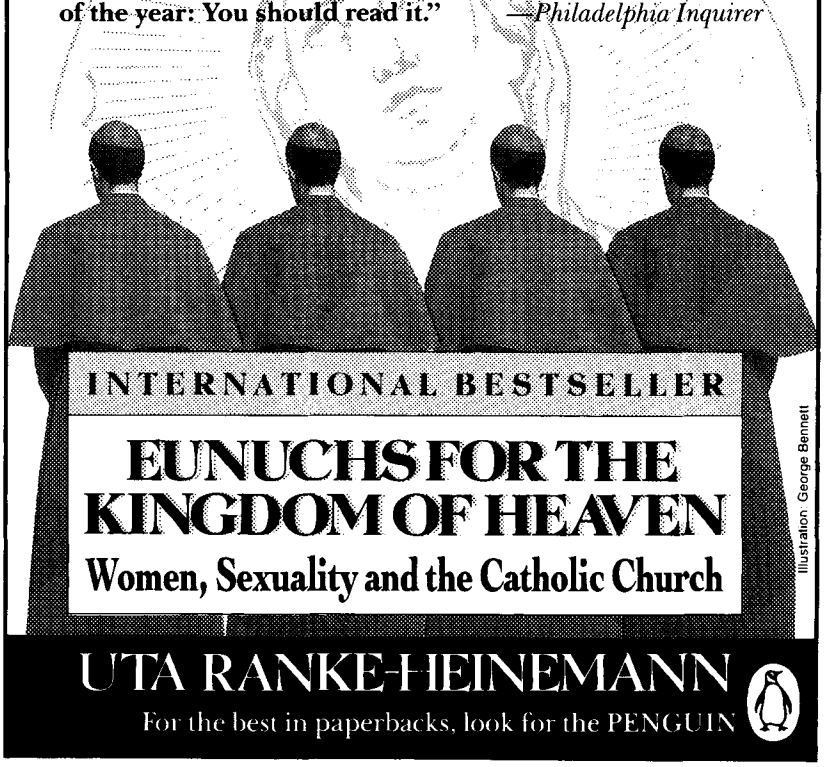
"The book that accuses the Roman Catholic Church of degrading women and undermining the sexuality of believers."
—The New York Times

Cardinal O'Connor, without reading *Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven*, likened it to "scrawling dirty words about the Church on bathroom walls." Despite the Cardinal (or because of him), this serious critique of the Church's historic attitudes toward women and sexuality is receiving widespread attention and praise:

"Remarkable.... Ms. Ranke Heinemann's research is dazzling.... Her message deserves to be heard."
—The New York Times Book Review

"An eye-opening compendium of feminist grievances with the Catholic Church." *—The Los Angeles Times*

"This may be the most ecclesiastically dangerous statement of the year: You should read it." *—Philadelphia Inquirer*



INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

EUNUCHS FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN
Women, Sexuality and the Catholic Church

Illustration: George Bennett

UTA RANKE-HEINEMANN

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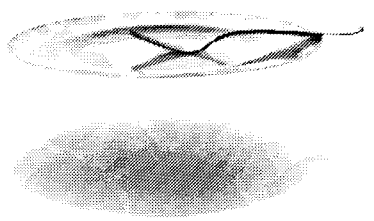

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the chief author of the Barmen Declaration, a confession of faith designed to resist the nazification of the German church in 1934, and he lost his teaching post and was exiled from Germany for his efforts. Yet he responded not with political or economic or moralistic ideology but with Christian theology in the classic sense: he studied and wrote about the Bible, the doctrines and dogmas of the church, and the long and distinguished tradition of theological reflection. Hunsinger, who has written previously about the political implications of Barth's thought, now gives us something salutary and timely: a solid, scholarly overview of Barth doing what Barth does best—dogmatic theology—and what the church especially needs today.

MATHEMATICS AS ART

BEYOND NUMERACY:
Ruminations of a Numbers Man
John Allen Paulos
Alfred A. Knopf, $22, 285 pp.

THE MAN WHO KNEW INFINITY
A Life of the Genius Ramanujan
Robert Kanigel
Charles Scribner's Sons, $27.95, 438 pp.

Paul E. Budde

It is widely recognized that the mathematical education provided by schools, from primary grades through college, is inadequate. Consequently, many people lack the ability to perform basic mathematical calculations necessary to function well in society, and there is a dearth of students choosing fields that require advanced mathematical knowledge, such as engineering, statistics, and mathematics itself.

Proposals to remedy this situation have called for, among other things, a more "lean and lively" curriculum—one in which emphasis is placed on the fundamentals, but in a more engaging manner than in the past. There has also been an attempt to broaden students' perspectives of the questions and content of mathematics. Finally, educators are making more of an effort to incorporate the human side of mathematics into its technical, or problem-solving, aspects.

John Allen Paulos's *Beyond Numeracy* is one attempt to address these liberal arts aspects of mathematics. It is his fourth book, and in some sense is a sequel to *Innumeracy*, a surprisingly well-received book published in 1988. In the earlier book Paulos described basic mathematical concepts to help illuminate the social problem of mathematical illiteracy.

Beyond Numeracy is not a book for the innumerate; instead, it is intended for those who have a basic mathematical literacy, and who want a broad introduction to essential concepts of the subject.

It is organized as a collection of seventy short, independent essays, each about three to four pages long. They cover topics ranging from classical to recent developments; from biographical and historical sketches to the philosophy undergirding mathematics; from anecdotes about mathematicians to an analysis of the fairness of different voting systems. In each Paulos explains the mathematical concepts and, where appropriate, identifies their practical applications. For example, he uses the multiplication principle to calculate the number of different license plates a particular pattern of numbers and letters might produce. Elsewhere he applies the concept of partial orderings, wherein one can linearly rank some pairs of objects, but not all pairs, to measures of human intelligence. And for those who are so motivated, the book contains a few problems to ponder (with answers usually provided at the end of the entry). Paulos writes as both a mathematician and an educator. He is true to his field as he tries to demystify and demythologize it; he writes clearly without sacrificing the essence of the mathematics he is communicating.

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Paulos argues against mathematics being taught as a collection of techniques. This is precisely what often happens in college courses when there is more than enough technique to fill a term. *Beyond Numeracy* is his "resistance" to this tendency. He insists that mathematics be seen in the context of its "human meaning and story," for it is only then that it regains its status as one of the liberal arts.

For Srinvasa Ramanujan and G. H. Hardy, two mathematicians of the first half of the twentieth century, mathematics was anything but a technician's tool. Ramanujan, from southern India, failed his bachelor's exam at the university because he spent too much time doing research in math. Hardy, on the faculty at Cambridge, proudly professed the "uselessness" of his research in number theory to distinguish it from the work of many of his peers who were busy doing mathematical physics. These men did mathematics simply for the joy it brought them.

In *The Man Who Knew Infinity*, Robert Kanigel tells Ramanujan's story and brings to life the culture and religion of southern India at the beginning of the twentieth century. We learn of Ramanujan's devotion to the family deity, Namagiri, of his devout practice of the Hindu rituals of the Brahmin caste to which he was born, and of his intense pride and deep need for recognition.

Ramanujan's is an incredible and a tragic story. As a young man his passion for mathematics consumed him. Yet without academic credentials in a society which prized them highly, and without colleagues who understood his work, he labored in relative obscurity. Eventually he sent a notebook of his results to British mathematicians as a way to introduce himself and to ask their assessment of his work. The first two sent his work back. The third was G. H. Hardy, one of the most respected mathematicians in the English-speaking world. The night he received the notebook he and a colleague studied it until midnight. With its specialized notation and original approach, they had difficulty understanding the manuscript. But their confidence in it was buoyed when they found some results that they knew to be true. Later, Hardy commented on the more amazing statements in this first notebook: "They must be true, because if they were not, no one would have the imagination to invent them."

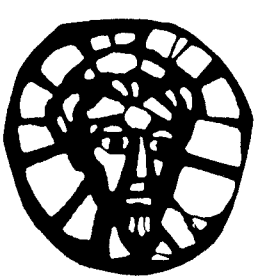
In Kanigel's depiction of the relationship that grew between Ramanujan and Hardy, we see the contrasting genius of each. Under Hardy's influence mathematics in Britain became a much more rigorous discipline, where the fabric of a logical argument demonstrating the truth of a mathematical statement took on as much significance as the truth it demonstrated. Ramanujan, in contrast, seemed to intuit his results. Perhaps because one of the most significant mathematics texts in his life had been a synopsis of results, rather than a logical development of them, he filled his notebooks with statements and only a few supporting notes. This rankled Hardy because it went against his very understanding of what mathematics was. Yet he saw such profound genius in Ramanujan that he eventually brought him to Cambridge, where they learned from each other for five years.

One cannot tell this marvelous story without exploring the reason for our interest in Ramanujan—his mathematics. Kanigel takes some of his most accessible results and those of his collaboration with Hardy and presents them in a manner which is quite clear and understandable. (There are several mathematical and typographical errors, but they should be easily caught by anyone interested in carefully following these details.) He describes the flavor of the mathematics without losing his story.

Kanigel's book, however, is more about Ramanujan's life than his work. He delves into his relationships with his mother, his wife, and Hardy. Kanigel carefully probes this third relationship to understand how two men who collaborated so closely in their work could seemingly know each other so poorly. He explores Ramanujan's personality, and how it may have exacerbated the unknown illness (possibly tuberculosis) which took his life when he was thirty-three.

One wonders what Ramanujan might have achieved had he lived longer (though Hardy himself thought that a mathematician's best work is done before age forty). Or, what kind of mathematician would he have been if he had been schooled in rigorous mathematics and introduced to the work of others in Europe early in his life? Would such training have shackled his intuitive abilities? Would it have unleashed his prowess on other branches of mathematics?

Though Ramanujan was by no means a typical mathematician, his story is a fascinating one for anyone interested in the human face of mathematics, and Kanigel has done an outstanding job of researching and telling it. It nicely complements the mathematics presented in Paulos's book by telling the story of one whose life was caught up in this field, and of his relationship to the mathematical community at large. Ramanujan and Hardy's love for their work reminds us of a third reason for doing mathematics: In addition to the technical tools it provides and its place in the liberal arts curriculum which Paulos wants to rebuild, there is that fascination with the simplicity and intricacy of numbers which has drawn people to study their properties, and by extension all of mathematics, for several millennia. One cannot understand the essence of what it means to do mathematics without seeing it in the context of its human side.



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BISHOP, PREACHER, POET

IN PURSUIT OF THE KINGDOM
Writings 1968-1988
Pedro Casaldáliga
Orbis Books, $14.95, 254 pp.

John C. Cort

Bishop Casaldáliga will never be elected pope, but it might not be a bad idea. A Spanish Claretian, he went to Brazil in 1968 as a missionary to the poor Indians of a remote area of the Amazon and was quickly embroiled in battles with the rich landholders and the reactionary government. A priest standing beside him was killed by a bullet most probably meant for himself.

Within three years he was named a bishop by Paul VI. It is not likely that John Paul II would have. An eloquent writer, preacher, and poet, Bishop Casaldáliga has become famous throughout Latin America as a socialist rebel and critic of right-wing elements in the church of whom John Paul, since the publication of *Centesimus annus*, has now declared himself the undisputed champion.

In 1985, with the backing of twenty-three other Brazilian bishops, Casaldáliga went to Nicaragua to join the fast of Miguel d'Escoto, the Maryknoll priest and foreign minister. He tried to meet with the Nicaraguan bishops, but they refused and Cardinal Miguel Obando complained to the Vatican, which called Casaldáliga on the carpet and tried, unsuccessfully, to make him sign a confession of errors and faults, with corresponding firm purposes of amendment. Fortunately, Archbishop Luciano Mendes, president of the Brazilian bishops' conference, interceded in his behalf and sidetracked this unhappy venture.

In Pursuit of the Kingdom is a collection of the bishop's writings from the time he arrived in Brazil at the age of forty until 1988. I haven't read either one in the original, but I would guess he is as good a poet as Ernesto Cardenal, at least as gutsy and impassioned a defender of the poor, and a darned sight more sensible. This does not mean I would second every one of his positions, but it does lead me to suggest an important distinction that the Vatican, and John Paul, would do well to keep in mind in their ongoing effort to silence all dissent. I do not share the kind of reflexive opposition to any Vatican position that one finds in the pages of the *National Catholic Reporter* or Penny Lernoux's *People of God*. These remind me of Heywood Broun's remark about Bishop Manning, the Episcopal bishop of New York back in the twenties and thirties. Broun said that whenever he was in doubt as to what position to take on a public question, he waited for Bishop Manning to take a position and then he took the opposite.

I am so reactionary in theological matters that I could not bring myself to protest the Vatican's actions against Fathers Charles Curran or Leonardo Boff. The manner and process of the censures are another matter, but I can see the sense to wanting an orthodox theologian in the church's own "pontifical university." I read Boff's *Church: Charism and Power* and as an ex-Protestant I think I can recognize a Protestant book when I see one.

Nevertheless, manner and process are damned important in any church that pretends to be Christian. And another damned important point. When men like Bishop Casaldáliga or Fathers Aristide in Haiti or d'Escoto and Cardenal in Nicaragua are putting their lives on the line for the poor and oppressed, you give them even more understanding, patience, tolerance, respect, and consideration than your Christian faith would dictate that you give to some know-it-all theologian holed up in an ivory tower. You do not wag your finger at them in public. You do not try to expel an Aristide from Haiti when it is evident that the Catholic faithful are overwhelmingly behind him because of his courage and commitment to justice and truth. You do not appoint someone like Jose Sobrinho to succeed the noble Dom Helder Camara as archbishop of Recife, Brazil, a man who not only withdrew support from Camara's programs for the poor but refused him permission to speak in his own former archdiocese. You do not try to humiliate them, as the Vatican has tried to humiliate Casaldáliga, not to mention our own Archbishops Raymond Hunthausen and Rembert Weakland.

Based on careful readings of his encyclicals *Laborem exercens* and *Solicitudo rei socialis*, I used to think that John Paul II shared the concerns of these priests and bishops for social justice. But even more careful reading of this last one makes me wonder. Has Michael Novak taken over the Vatican's Commission for Justice and Peace? What is going on over there?

The Brazilian and the U.S. bishops conferences are big enough, and still progressive enough, to make the Vatican and John Paul consider some firm purposes of amendment of their own. I think it is time they did so. If you want more reasons why, read Bishop Casaldáliga's book.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 594)

ingly and sorrowfully used. I do not condone abortion as a means of birth control. My moral framework dictates opposition to war and to capital punishment, things I've known many "prolifers" to support with nearly the same fervor they display in their anti-abortion diatribes.

I pray that the church can move beyond the whole abortion debate. Like foreign adventures for Bush, our focus on abortion is a convenient dodge from the work we're called to do. The gospel writers don't report any words from Jesus about abortion, but he told his followers more than once that their job was to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to the thirsty, and visit the prisoner. Those jobs are much harder than blocking abortion clinics. No wonder we don't want to do them. We sit in our churches feeling smug because we oppose abortion while those to whom Jesus called us to minister die outside our doors. We should be ashamed of ourselves.

SHARON M. YOUNG

Conscience & choice

Fayetteville, N.Y.

To the Editors: For David F. Carlin, Jr., those who follow the leadings of their own consciences and advocate that others do the same are best termed "moral agnostics." He believes instead that "moral values are objective realities," external norms by which some people can decide morality for others. This was exactly the standard of rule-following morality that led to the condemnation of Jesus by the religious leaders of his day.

As Mr. Carlin morally matures, he will discover that "we are....reduced to sheer choice when searching for direction in life." Choice is the exercise of conscience—the simple exercise of free will, inspired by the Holy Spirit and determined by each individual for herself or himself. Without free will there can be no such thing as moral responsibility or virtue, however the moral dictators of every age may decry it.

FRANCIS J. DURGIN, M.D.

The author replies:

When I said the prochoice party is made up of moral agnostics, I did not of course mean that each and every prochoice person in America is a moral agnostic. But perhaps I could have made myself clearer. Let me try again. My contention is that moral agnosticism (also known as moral relativism or moral subjectivism) is widespread in America; that the prochoice position follows logically from agnostic premises; and that the prochoice party, not surprisingly, is by and large made up of moral agnostics.

Sharon Young says she is not a moral agnostic. Good for her. But is she, as she imagines, prochoice? She thinks the law should allow abortion in the "first trimester, for reasons of rape, incest, maternal health, or proven gross deformity." So do I. But this is a far cry from the true prochoice position, which would allow abortion at any time and for any reason—and without worrying about how "sorrowfully" the thing is done. It looks as though Ms. Young is closer to the prolife than to the prochoice end of the spectrum.

As for Dr. Durgin, he sounds like the real article—a genuine moral agnostic. He rejects the objectivity of moral values, and he equates conscience with choice, discarding the traditional notion that conscience ought to be formed by moral law. I am pleased to learn that he is a champion of free will and the Holy Spirit. But unless he misunderstands the meaning of these ideas as he obviously misunderstands the meaning of conscience, I fail to see what support they lend his case. DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.

Condom nonsense

Bergenfield, N.J.

To the Editors: Curiously, your editorial ["Condom Sense," September 13] found a way *not* to mention the plainest of facts about AIDS: that it is an epidemic. Furthermore, there is no known cure.

Either the population that is the teens in our inner-city high schools are precociously sexually active or they are not. If they are, then they are at risk of HIV infection. I believe statistics indicate that this group *is* sexually active.

Quite apart from the issue of the morality of the condoms-in-the-schools is the larger public health issue of halting the AIDS epidemic. From an epidemiological standpoint, condoms are known to be an effective barrier to HIV infection. Condoms therefore belong wherever there is a population that is known to be sexually active and at risk. Teen-agers in our cities' schools qualify as such a population.

Stemming the AIDS epidemic presents a greater good to society than the conjectured moral harm that critics say will result from the condom program. Condoms make sound epidemiological sense. They should be as compulsory now among sexually active, nonmonogamous, at-risk populations as would the administration of an effecive vaccine to these same groups in the event such a vaccine is ever found. RAYMOND F. ROBERTS, JR.

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